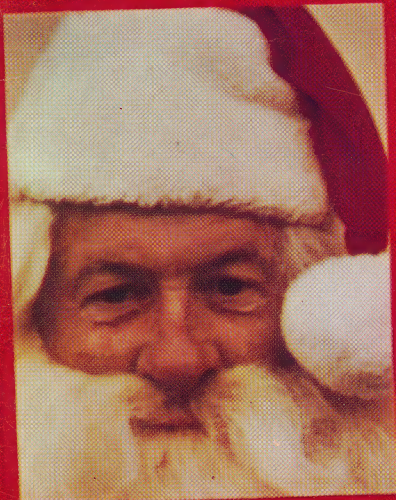


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THIS
CERTIFIES
THAT

SANTA CLAUS
IS EMPLOYED BY



Disneyland

A Division of Walt Disney Productions
ANAHEIM, CALIF.

SEASONAL

12-10-65

DATE ISSUED

Santa Claus

SIGNATURE OF EMPLOYEE

Tim Hetherington

AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE



The Editor Speaks

I'm up in the air because this starts the fifth year of writing editorials for this magazine. Most of these editorials I've written have been filled with humor since I *am* a comedian. (And let's have no letters to the editor about that statement.)

I'd like to take this time to say a few thanks to the people who have made the production of this employee magazine easier for me. They range from the Editorial Coordinator to the Artists, to the Contributors, all those who spend their spare time in creating the magazine called "Backstage-Disneyland."

To name everyone who helps bring out this booklet would take more space than can be allowed to this column. There are so many whom you would be unaware of—such as the mail boys who put stamps on each envelope and the Post Office who deliver the magazine through snow and sleet, whose appointed rounds . . . sorry, I got a little carried away.

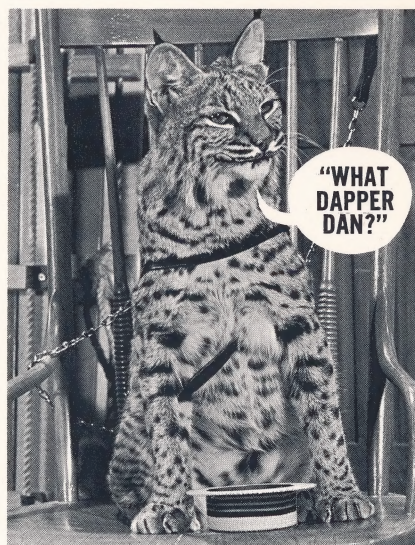
But last, and by no means least, I have to thank you, the readers all the way up to the Chairman of the Board who take this magazine in the spirit in which it is intended . . . fun.

To all of you I thank you and wish the best for the coming Holiday season.

HEY, PEOPLE READ THIS MAGAZINE!

Several of our readers have asked what was so funny about the picture of the cat in "The Plum Line." I've always wondered what was so funny about any of the pictures in that column, but never mind that.

What happened was the cat got so hungry he ate the caption. Here is the picture with the caption, as it should have been:



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Editor:

It was with much interest that we read the Tencennial issue of "Backstage." However, we found one omission from the many stories of early Disneyland experiences, there were none from the Guests' point of view. This omission we'll try to remedy here, as we think we are qualified to do so. In fact, we just about qualify for a ten year pin. Our first visit was just two weeks after the Park opened, and we have averaged better than once a week ever since.

Here are some of the highlights of the early, and also later days that we remember.

The announcements by the "Town Crier," (Bud Coulson), each morning just before official opening time, was a wonderful way to learn the names and birthdays of the employees of the Park.

BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND

VOL. 4, NO. 4

CHRISTMAS, 1965

Published quarterly by the Disneyland Recreation Club and the University of Disneyland, Disneyland, California. Reprint of material only upon written approval of Disneyland, 1313 Harbor Blvd., Anaheim, California.

Editor.....	Wally Boag
Editorial Coordinator.....	Gary Fravel
Art Production.....	Fred Geerts
Contributing Artists.....	Chuck Boyer Jared Lee Ralph Kent Roy Williams
Production Assistants.....	Adell Davis Lorrie Dobbs
Photography.....	Charles Nichols Renie Bardeau

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The small shrubs, head high, planted around Town Square, are the beautiful big trees that you see there now.

The cleanliness of the entire Park, and the marvelous way it has continued through the years, is unsurpassable.

The lonely little duck, running up and down the dry bed of the Jungle River (down for rehab), quacking his protest over the, to him, unreasonable drying up of his playground.

The wonderful band concerts, morning, noon, and evening, that we have enjoyed for the entire ten years.

We think the Retreat ceremony a very fitting end to a glorious day.

Vesey Walker's remarkable recovery from an illness that would have permanently floored the average man.

The many, many friends we have made in Disneyland, their kindnesses and courtesies to us will never be forgotten . . .

The unforgettable night when we were the guests of the Merchants Association at the Balboa Bay Club, when we were given so many beautiful gifts; the most wonderful being our pass and Gold Key from Walt Disney.

Mr. Disney's courtesy and friendship when we saw him in the Golden Horseshoe a few weeks later, made us take the opportunity to thank him for his gifts.

The sight of a very watersoaked Tour Guide beng escorted over to Wardrobe to receive dry clothes and a new hair-do. We found out later that she had jumped into the big river to rescue a small tot that had fallen in . . .

Bo Foster's role as the out-sized Tour Guide and usher at the "Spring Tonics" show . . .

The Golden Horseshoe Revue, the few times we have seen it, (*Editor's Note: At least 1,000 times*).

Frank Heidemann's rather peculiar method of introducing us to new members of Security. It always seemed to give them a vivid impression of us . . .

To all you good people of Disneyland whom we know and love, we say "Thanks."

Thanks for the friendships, the memories of good times, the opportunities you have given us to be of service to a few of you in a small way, and for the hope that in the future we may return again and again to the Magic Kingdom.

The Orrs

(I read your letter with much interest, but I'm sorry that magazine policy restricts submissions to employees only. So, I'm afraid your lovely letter will never be read by any of the employees. *The Editor*).



Recently I attended a 6 'til 9 black tie affair which was more an AMA Convention than anything else. Frankly, I thought I was well-versed in things medicinal, having unfailingly read that great medical journal, "The Reader's Digest" for years. But somehow, an issue must have slipped by . . . I didn't understand even a monosyllabic word all evening. So, I retaliated a week later with a party of my own.

Can you imagine how my guest, Dr. Ove R. Charge felt when my fellow Disneylanders arrived and started on *our* brand of shop talk? Some highlights:

He's quite good on the Jungle, but terrible on The Tea Cups.

Did you date Snow White all summer? No, I went with Peter Pan too.

I saw Captain Hook with Alice in Wonderland on the Mine Train.

Did you talk to those three Mermaids in the Cafeteria?

WE NEED CONTRIBUTIONS

BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND PAYS only compliments FOR CONTRIBUTIONS But we want YOU to contribute to YOUR magazine.



PHOTOS
STORIES
ITEMS



Mail to Wally Boag c/o Golden Horseshoe

I think Tinkerbell is flying faster this year.

The sea serpents get new tails every season.

I'll be working on the Moon all next week . . . call me there.

My gun misfired twice, but I got the second hippo with the first shot.

They put a brand new arrow in the dead settler's chest.

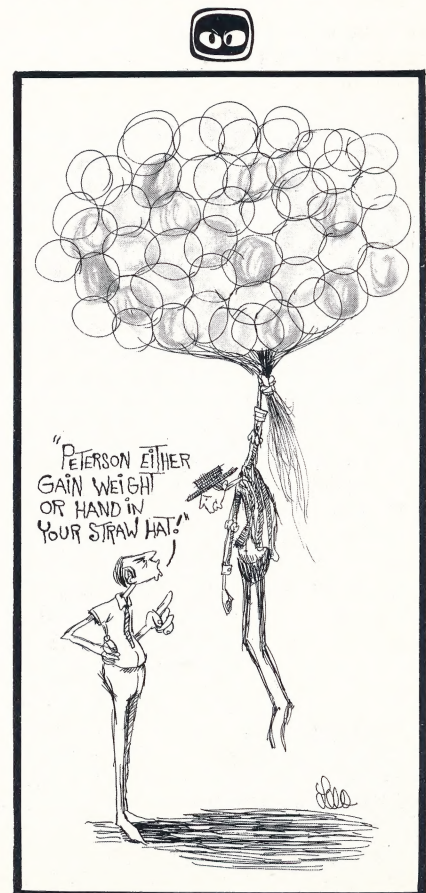
I moved from Sleeping Beauty's Castle to the Flying Saucers, then worked 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea before I went on the Matterhorn.

Did you hear how everyone laughed when the rhino gored the guy on the safari?

First Aid is actually a part of Operations.

And that did it! Dr. Charge went home. Incidentally, I just received notice that he completed his Psychiatric training. He wishes information on the possibility of leasing an office somewhere on Main Street. Talk about a captive clientele!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Yes, and order 50,000 teeth for the comic.



PEOPLE

DISNEYLAND IS RIDES, ATTRACTIONS AND MICKEY MOUSE
BUT MOST IMPORTANT, IT IS PEOPLE, PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND...

WALT BRICKER

"Is that Walt Disney or Clark Gable, Helen?" "It's Walt Disney stupid, can't you see the name tag reads 'Walt.'" This is not an unlikely overheard conversation in Frontierland in the vicinity of the Pack Mules with its summer foreman, Walter Joseph Jackson Bricker, Jr.

But Walt is an amiable guy and doesn't mind all the attention. He says even the apparent association as to the age similarity between him and the other "Walt" does not disturb him, although the difference in money does.

As to being compared to Clark Gable, Walt's comment was, "I would look like someone that's dead." Then he adds, "I do admit I have the ears for it."

But this is only a small part of the character of this handsome and proud chap. Many of us would pay dearly to have shared his experiences. After making a go at a bakery shop in the city of Philadelphia, Walt fulfilled his lifetime wish by going West to California. But unlike so many of us exforeigners, the sedate, suburbanized kind of life was not for Walt, no sir. He went prospectin'. When I asked for what, he answered, "Oh uranium, pitch blend, gems, anything of value."

Yup, there he was, all alone except for the not so neighborly mountain lion, coyote, and rattle snake. Actually the rattler was willing to be friendly enough.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5



CHRIS RIDGWAY

Although today he is almost extinct, the classic cowboy still remains in movies, television, and novels, riding through the imagination of millions of people each year. Ask anyone to describe a cowboy and inevitably the description will include two kinds of cowboys, the good kind (usually distinguished by a white hat) and the bad kind. But besides the white hat for the good kind, the description also includes tall, good looking, liked by everyone he meets, and always ready to do a good job.

Now you are probably wondering what this has to do with Chris Ridgway, 6'1" ride operator on the Monorail. Well, the above description also fits Chris, and several of his friends have mentioned that he would make a good cowboy.

Born in Santa Monica, Chris is a real native and has never been outside the state of California. He says though, he is looking forward to traveling through the rest of the country and thinks he can better appreciate it after having lived in Southern California all his life.

Chris grew up in the San Fernando Valley and while living in Woodland Hills he attended Taft High School. Before his senior year, he moved to Indio and while in school there he lettered in both football and track. His events in track were running the mile and cross-country.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5

CORI SANDOVAL

The trouble with interviewing Cori Sandoval is, it is so difficult to get a word in edgewise. It's not that she does all the talking, but she seems to know so many people.

The first mistake I made was to take her to Hills Bros. for some of their delicious coffee. We sat on the patio where all passers-by could cast a glance and say hi, and they all did.

Of course, who could miss this tall, vivacious gal who is now in her third year as a Department Clerk in the Merchandising Division. And I do mean tall; with a pair of heels on I'm confident that six feet does not cover Cori's height. But I didn't pursue the query any further. Some women are as sensitive about height, width, or whatever, as they are about age.

And that's the second mistake I made. Whenever you start asking members of the "weaker sex" when they were married, how old their children are, or when they graduated from high school or college, you get a conspiratorial glance as a reply. The silence is deafening.

So you start over and then Renie Bardeau stops by for a cup of coffee and the air begins to thin out. You feel fortified. Maybe it's because both Renie and Cori have French blood. Cori is also of Spanish and Mexican descent you find out, and then you begin to understand her vivaciousness and natural beauty.

It was in Silver City, New Mexico where Cori blossomed as one of three girls born to the Martinez family.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



BERNIE JUBAN

When you start talking to Bernie Juban, Bakery Chef at the Plaza Inn, you need a globe and a timetable. I was beginning to think he was a member of the cast for "Around the World in Eighty Days." Well actually he came close at that. It seems a premiere party for the above-mentioned film was held at the exclusive Menzie Hotel in Melbourne, Australia with Liz Taylor and the late Mike Todd as honored guests. Bernie had the gargantuan task of donating his culinary talents in a display of pastry delicacies from eighty lands.

Even more interesting was that this same hotel earlier had been the scene of a reception for another Elizabeth, the Queen of England. Again Bernie had the honor of preparing his pastry creations for this momentous occasion.

But this was Bernie's second trip to the land down under. He was only fifteen when he left his home in Normandy, France and sailed to Australia. After serving his apprenticeship as a dishwasher and floormopper, Bernie began receiving extensive training in the art of pastry making.

After three years he left Aussieland and journeyed to Toronto, Canada where he was employed at the luxurious Royal York Hotel. While working there, Bernie accumulated two more years of training.

It was the 1956 Olympic Games that brought Bernie back to Australia for the second time. He was asked to return and bake in the Olympic camp for the athletes from all the world over.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

WALT BRICKER CONTINUED

In fact, on those chilly desert nights, they occasionally wished to share the warmth of Walt's sleeping bag. Walt obviously felt otherwise.

One day while prospecting in the mountainous desert of Arizona, Walt stumbled over a small peak and found himself in the middle of a bomb-testing site for the United States Army. Not wishing to have the military do his blasting for him, he quickly moved on.

It is easy to understand Walt's adventurous exploits when you learn of his ancestry. His grandfather was shipwrecked in the Straits of Magellan, and washed ashore after three days, onto the Falkland Islands, where he met and married his bride. To go back even further, one finds that Walt's ancestors were among the first settlers in the region where Baltimore, Maryland is located today.

With this swashbuckling background then, it seems paradoxical that Walt would become sedentary to the point of spending seven years in the Magic Kingdom. Not so says Walt. Because as he himself puts it, "Where else can I stand still and meet people from all over the world." For Walt, the world comes to Disneyland.

Disneyland is many things, but most of all it is people. Very interesting and exciting people. It is a stage full of actors . . . actors like Walt Bricker whose life reads something like . . . like it came right out of a Clark Gable movie.



Five

CHRIS RIDGWAY CONTINUED

He said he was probably the heaviest guy on the team.

After graduating from Indio High, Chris moved to Laguna and if you have ever lived on the desert or been to Palm Springs in the summer, you don't have to ask why. He is now a pre-dental student in his Sophomore year at Santa Ana College.

One of Chris' main interests is water sports. "Any water sport" he says, "I love the ocean and spend all the time I can water skiing or skin diving." He also likes to surf and fish. Before going to work at Disneyland, Chris lived in Laguna with his folks and worked as a life guard. He hopes to live by the ocean again someday.

When asked why he chose Disneyland as a place to work, Chris said he had seen the park grow from the beginning and had always wanted to work here.

So if you go by the Monorail and see an operator that you think would make a good cowboy, it will probably be Chris, only you won't find him riding a horse or wearing a white hat.

CORI SANDOVAL CONTINUED

She was also raised and educated there, finally receiving a Bachelor of Science degree with a major in business and a minor in physical education.

Married in San Diego in 1958, Cori, and her husband Felix are now the proud parents of two boys, Mark and Nick, ages six and three respectively. "They're beautiful boys," said Cori, and I thought what else could they be.

Felix has one of those occupations I've always dreamed of having. He hauls freight over the Golden State's highways and byways in one of those elongated, double-clutching, diesel powered tractor-trailers.

And so a very pleasant coffee break drew to a close. But the next time I interview Cori I'm going to stay away from Hills Bros. I think we'll try a phone booth, or maybe Peter Pan??

BERNIE JUBAN CONTINUED

Upon returning to this half of the globe again, Bernie returned to Canada, landing this time in Vancouver, British Columbia. But Bernie had heard so much about Smogsville, U.S.A., he couldn't resist a go at life in Southern California. However, Bernie decided to return to his nativity.

While back in France, Bernie spent another full year of training in French and other European pastries, but most important of all, it was here that he met and married his wife, Michelle, also a native of France. Today the Jubans have a two year old boy named Fabrice.

When Bernie and his wife returned to California, they decided to open their own Bakery Shop in Costa Mesa. Disneyland's Ed Mackie became one of Bernie's best customers, and also gave samples to Raul and Julio. It wasn't long before Bernie was supplying the Park with his fine pastries. When it was decided to open a bakeshop in Disneyland, it was only natural that Bernie be selected as its Pastry Chef.

We only hope now that Bernie Juban, erstwhile world traveler, has decided to stay around for a while. Who knows, the Queen of England may be along one of these days.

10-4 FROM SECURITY



BY
JACK
KEHOE

Here it is 102° today and GARY FRAVEL from the University of Disneyland came over with his big smile and said "Can you do a column for 'Backstage'?" "This is to be the Christmas issue." It is so warm that AL NIEMEYER has just said off with the ties. It's so warm that it is just a little hard to think about the cold weather that is coming.

But, from all of us here in Security, we would like to wish all those people who pass through the Gates of Happiness to work, — a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

The only white you might see in Security will be our hair. That may help bring the Christmas spirit to you a little. Duane Miller suggested having mistletoe at each gate. But, that's our boy, wanting to keep the girls happy. Believe you me, he would try. This young fellow is still single.

The past month we have had some extra conversations on our two-way radio. Like the one that went—"This is Agent 007." One minute later, "This is Agent 007." One minute later the voice goes, "Goldfinger is after me." This was too much for our own Dick Tracy of Disneyland Security. JOHN GRAY ran outside the door, and looked around, only to discover that he was the only one with a radio at 7:15 a.m. The case is yet to be solved by our hero John.

Did you hear the one about VICTOR WOLCZAK calling "Dog Patrol 1, come in." "Dog Patrol 1 reads you loud and clear, 10-2." Then Victor calls "Dog Patrol 2, how do you read me?" Dog Patrol answers "Woof, woof!" Or maybe the one from Adventureland to Security, "We have a mouse here in the land." Security answered "Just keep an eye on it, after all the 'Happy Land' started because of one famous mouse, and maybe this is Mickey's grandfather."

Stop by the Richfield Exit and say hello to JOE IRZYK. He says he

feels like a building inspector watching the building going up at the Hotel and the New Orleans section.

Have you seen MORSE LIPPS with all the keys he has to open up the cars. He must have at least 250 keys. No wonder the guests in the Parking Lot like this fellow so well.

We have a new little girl in the office with us now, CAROL HARMON. She says she's torn between the Beatles and the Animals. What a way to go! Next it will be the Dogs.

Our own KAY GRIFFIN is back with application in hand for her new darling daughter. Just 18 years from now this bundle of joy will be working in the Park. We will be waiting for you "Denise Lee Ann".

The Dinner Dance that the DRC put on was great. Did you see the Arthur Murray of Security (RAY ROARTY)? He was in great form.

Chief BEN MEISTER of our Fire Department was back in Omaha, Nebraska for a few weeks. Stop by and listen to some of the good fire stories he brought back with him.

So until the next issue please show your I.D. card whether it be blue, yellow, red, green, or white, it's a pleasure to see them all. We like to look at them, see your picture, then really look at you. Boy! What a difference!



DEAR MILLIE,



BY MILLIE MALEY

Dear Millie:

A pretty girl in Fantasyland whom I have dated on several occasions likes to dance. She always wants to do the Monkey, the Pony and the Mouse. I feel clumsy doing these dances, besides I would rather dance with my arms around her, but how do I tell her.

Old Fashioned from Disneyland

Dear Old Fashioned:

Just tell her you feel awkward doing these dances, that you took instructions from "Arthur Murray, not an animal trainer."

P.S. Let me know the results.

Dear Millie:

There is a girl who works in the Park who also is in my class in college. At school she is real friendly toward me, but at work she acts like she doesn't even know me. I'm not bad looking, but I feel there is too much competition here. How can I make her notice me?

Bewildered from the Parking Lot

Dear Bewildered:

I would say she's a triple "A" employee. Perhaps she is interested in coming back to work at Disneyland "next summer". Concentrate on activities at college.

Dear Millie:

I am a strong man who does a good job at work. But in sports I fall flat. When we are out Bowling, a woman on our team out-Bowls me. I feel so embarrassed. What can I do?

A Poor Bowler

Dear Bowler:

"A lot of women" "Have beaten men" in a lot of ways — don't be discouraged. Try to enjoy the game and be a good sport. Even try some practice games on the side.

Dear Millie:

When I spill some coffee on my blouse and don't want to go to Wardrobe to change what can I do to remove the stain?

Sloppy from Main Street

Dear Sloppy:

Let's face it — "You can't go topless" — get a new blouse!

Dear Millie:

The entire office has been invited lately to a lot of parties where we have to bring a date, wife, or husband. Everybody seems to be able to come except for one of our secretaries. She's pretty, not shy or bashful, and she's got a lot on the ball. How could we get a few lookers coming her way.

Trying To Be Helpful

Dear Helpful:

This girl probably has a lot of lookers now. But if you are still worried come party time again, why don't you be the big Daddy and introduce her to a nice fellow just before the party.

Confidential to Backstage Reader:

Any object torn down can be built up again even stronger than before, this also can apply to reputations. Start now.



Fabulous Fir from Afar

by Frank Slohn



On-stage, Disneylanders have come to expect an occasional shock... like hippos rising out rivers, past presidents rising out of chairs, and Mary Poppins rising out of the night sky. But a real shocker comes backstage at the Decorating Department's warehouses and workrooms when one suddenly comes face to face with a boa constrictor hanging from a Christmas garland, and four bejeweled mermaids nonchalantly sitting around a table admiring the skull of a late longhorn steer.

But to the Decorating Department, snakes and mermaids are commonplace. So are hundreds of varieties of flowers in one small plot... and thousands of yards of canvas in a myriad of colors, and dozens of sizes. And so many other items that to mention them could fill this entire magazine.

The Decorating Department has two divisions: decorating and draperies. The sweet voice answering the telephone for both belongs to GAIL McGEE, department secretary. And both divisions are responsible for a lot of things those of us working on-stage just take for granted, like streetlamps and seat cushions... chairs and tables.

As a "for instance", they supply:

The more than 200 Park waste receptacles which have 14 different designs.

All tables, chairs, benches and umbrellas with differing colors depending on their location in the Park.

REAL gold leaf used on gold objects in the Submarine Lagoon. (It's cheaper than gold colors, which must be redone constantly.)

And this is only a sampling of the hundreds of details which help make Disneyland a memorable experience for guests and employees... details which are handled by this many-faceted department.

They are responsible for all pictures and paintings, lighting fixtures and chandeliers, cigarette urns, costumes (including spears, shields and headdresses) for headhunters and Indians alike. They supply all artificial flowers and plants... including all the exotic undersea foliage in the Sub Lagoon. They furnish the jewels and treasure chests, draperies, skulls, ear corn and feathers (which incidentally, must be laminated for protection from the elements and from marauding birds), Tiki gods, balloons for special events, and even antique chests and mirrors.

In fact, the decorating warehouse is overflowing with thousands upon thousands of "props"... many of which are authentic. (Treasure chests in the lagoon are cast from actual chests recovered from a sunken pirate ship; and chandeliers and wall sconces in the Plaza Inn are really antique... some from ancient European castles.)

But, this being a Christmas issue, I thought you'd be interested in some facts and figures relating to our Christmas decorations.

Full swing preparations (on top of the regular day to day chores) begin around August 1st and don't cease until all decorations are removed after the first of the year.



The huge Christmas tree which is placed on Town Square is a White Fir (*Abies concolor*) from the Mt. Shasta region in northern California. It weighs approximately 10,000 pounds and is between 55 and 60 feet high. (And it's only the top portion of a 60 year old, 150 foot tree.)

This species is by far the most outstanding fir because of its ability to withstand severe winter conditions . . . not that we expect a snow-storm at Disneyland, but if we happened to have one, I'm sure the Decorating Department would see that it fell in only the *right* places.

The White Fir is a forest ever-green and sometimes grows to a height of 200 feet. It is native on mountain slopes in Western Oregon,



Northern California, Utah, Southern Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and the San Pedro Martir Mountains of lower California. Its trunk ranges from three to five feet in diameter with more than six inches thickness of bark.

Cones of this magnificent tree stand upright, as opposed to spruce cones which grow downward. The cones disintegrate when ripe, leaving only an erect spike, so they are not really noticeable. Besides, they usually form only near the tree tops.

Often the White Firs are sold as Christmas trees under the name of Silver Fir . . . or Silver Tip Fir.

Because of damage and wear during shipping from the north by rail and by truck (trucks are often loaded on flat cars) an additional 25 to 150 branches must sometimes be added to the tree to insure the traditional Christmas tree shape.

This process is called "plugging." Holes are drilled into the main trunk; the extra branches are inserted, wedged and nailed into place. The uniform shape thus achieved, creates yet another realistic illusion adding to Disneyland's traditional reputation for authentic detail and quality. No one . . . I mean *no one* can tell which branches are the tree's own and which are "borrowed."

Approximate costs of the tree come to around \$1500, and the two small trees which are placed in the castle moat add another \$300 or so to the original price.

Complete preparation of the conifer takes about two weeks. After the shaping, 75 gallons of fire retardant green paint is sprayed on for color and for safety. Then 70 gallons of adhesium is applied so that the 160 pounds of styrafoam snow beads will adhere when they too are sprayed on the tree.

A large crane is used to lift the men and equipment for the spraying jobs, and again for the stringing of approximately 2,000 colored lights. While one man begins stringing lights from the top of the tree, others are mounting ladders and placing some 2,000 ornaments, starting from the bottom. What happens when they attempt to pass each other at the halfway point is another story.

The tree is then moved by crane down Main Street and placed in Town Square, and to complete the picture, many beautiful packages are wrapped, put under the tree, and surrounded by colorfully decorated stanchions which further carry out the Yuletide theme.

But all this is only a beginning. It takes an entire week to dress Main Street alone, with the more than 1500 feet of fresh redwood garland, which while in storage must be kept damp and cool so it will remain flexible enough to drape and shape. Then more than 5,000 pine cones, colored balls, lights, bells and bows are hung, completing a beautiful holiday picture.

In addition, all the special wreaths are made and placed in various locations by this department, (such as the two large ones around the clocks at Timex), along with special seasonal decoration of the Plaza Inn and Pavilion restaurants.

And I complain about having to hang a few lights in front of my house!

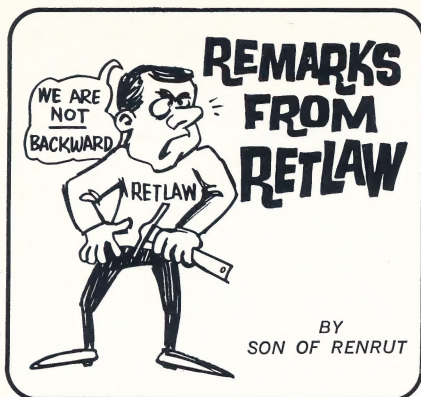
But the real clincher comes when you realize how much is done by so few . . . all talented, all completely capable.

In Drapery: HANK DAINS, JOHN MARTIN, SEBASTIAN MORENO, MANUEL AND JOE MENDOZA, MARTIN LARA, JOE BALLOU, GEORGE STINSON, and PABLO AND RICHARD HERNANDEZ.

In Decorating: CHUCK FOWLER, JOHN KURI, WARREN WEEMS, DAN CABRERA, LYLE STERRETT, SAMUEL GOMEZ, BEN WHITE, REX ROBERTSON, JOHN MACHERNIS, BILL AND JESUS GUZMAN, JAMES CASE, JULIAN PRAHL and FRANK CENICEROS.

You know . . . I think there really is a Santa Claus. I've seen his helpers.





"ELOH TIBBAR EHT NWOD"

Back...back! Flaunting the many requests I have received, I intend to write this column anyway, and just to put things in their proper perspective I would like to present here, initially and overtly, a brief editorial policy of sorts.

I am quoting from Alice in Wonderland, a line which associates itself quite readily with my own bilious temperament. Alice is sitting in Wonderland kind of pompous like and the caterpillar is sitting on a toadstool real cool smoking his hooka, and the line reads "You!" said the caterpillar contemptuously. "WHO are you?" Just the way he says it links him sarcastically and irrevocably with the anthropomorphic lineage from Eve's snake to Pogo (a noble heritage). This column will be devoted to con-

tinuing these fine cultural traditions of yellow journalism.

ERIC WESTIN, the only man in Disneyland who looks healthier than Mr. Clean, reportedly has the gout... too much wheat germ???

Anyone interested in donating funds to a worthy cause please mail contributions to the Retlaw Henpecked Husbands Fund. Our first project is to purchase a tweed apron for JIM CORA, so he can retain his individuality.

Della, honey child girl, sweetheart of the Hotel and all points south, recently returned from her vacation to Texas leaving a trail of noise and fragments in her wake.

BILL CRAWFORD (the guy with the straight teeth) has been seeing a great deal of tour guide LEE WHITE of late. Bill was telling me of a recent incident in which he took Lee to dinner and a movie. He had just received his check and was actually feeling kind of plush. So he took Lee to this nice, expensive restaurant and by the time she had finished ordering her dinner (pheasant under glass etc. etc. etc.) his week's wages were devoured. Bill had a hot dog under a dixie cup, and weighed himself four times with the change. He was so broke by then that Lee had to pay their way into the movie, which was unfortunate because she did not enjoy it at all. It was a foreign film and the subtitles kept disappearing before she could finish reading them.

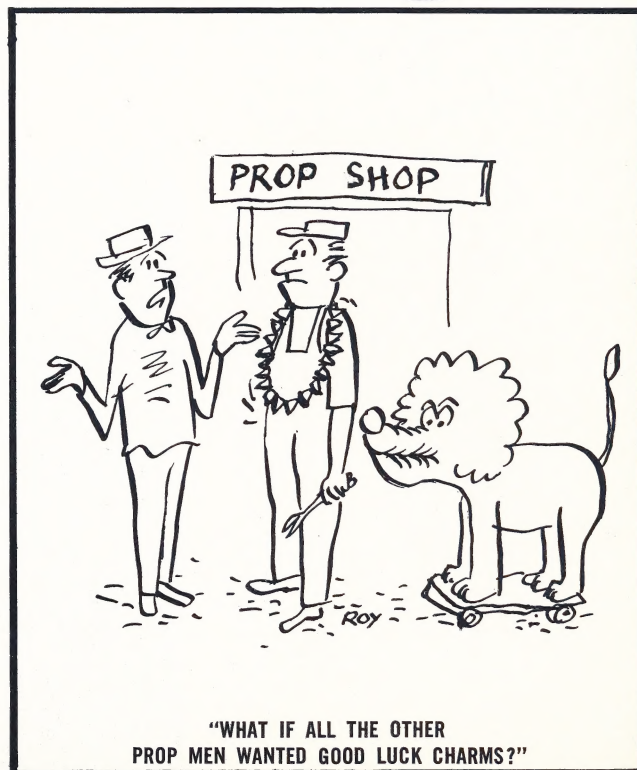
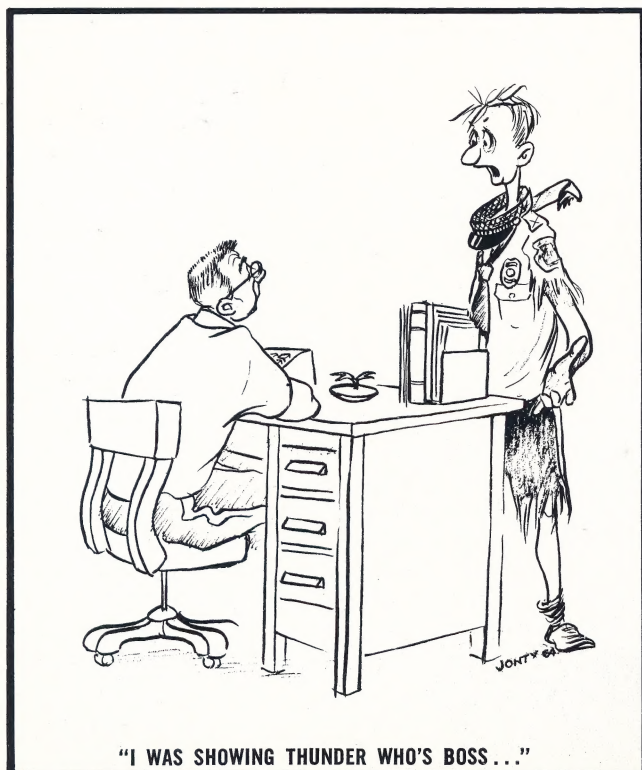
I was sitting in the bathtub the other night kind of meditating, my trusty briar between my teeth (it has resisted the efforts of the best surgeons to remove it) when I noticed a very strange phenomena. The water level had gone down when I got in the tub. It's the truth! I'm so skinny I even violate Archimede's Principle. It must be the apex and nadir of inadequacy when you can't displace water.

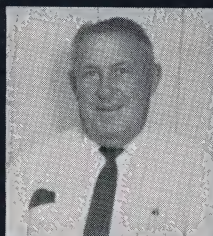
Mild-mannered PAUL "Winnie the Pooh" DAWSON recently succumbed to that old naval adage of "see the world..." and enlisted in the naval reserves. Every Wednesday night for the next six years Paul will be driving from Fullerton to Los Alamitos.

DENNIS MYERS is looking for a new roommate (wistful parasite in search of a new host). Anyone interested please contact the Orange County Animal Shelter.

I tried to elicit some information of interest concerning the Maintenance crew from KEN KOHLER, erstwhile Maintenance Supervisor, but all I could get was eerowghfch, glonk, phauh, and other unprintable guttural cluckings. Ken has had "40 years plus" experience breathing which comes in handy for smoking cigars.

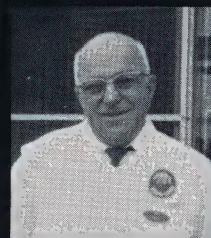
This being the holiday season and all, I felt it best to end this column with a note in keeping with the season. Noel, noel, rest you Merry... and other exclamations of yuletide folly.



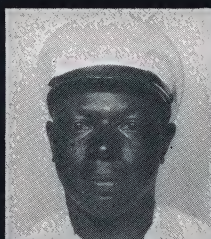


FRANK HEIDEMANN

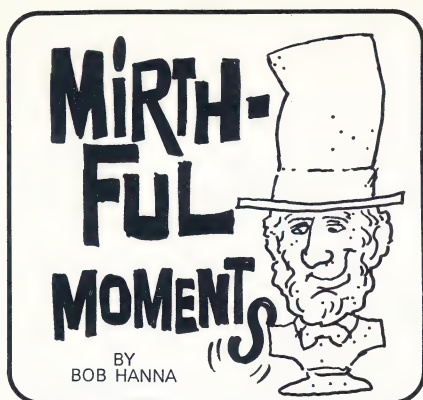
Then
&
Now



ROY DAVIS



JOHN STEWART



Happy Holiday Greetings from all the gals and guys at Disneyland's newest, most beautiful and most inspiring attraction, "Great Moments with Mr. Lincoln."

Opening late in the season, it got off to a good start, and as the word passed around, attendance has been steadily increasing.

As is true in any production, the people working back stage deserve a lot of credit. JERRY WHITE and his boys, TERRY WARD, GEORGE SHORT, HAL WITZKE, JIM BECKER, DICK HOLMES and HARRY MASON have done a tremendous job in helping "Abe" do five shows an hour.

What Mr. Lincoln Means to Us
By Dick Holmes & Terry Ward

This is the crew that's out of sight
Who watch Old Abe both day and night.

With suspense and awe, still never knowing

What keeps him going through every showing.

All soundmen know this saying well,

That if at anytime Old Abe should fail

And something happen that he should come to harm,

We'd all be off to Knotts Berry Farm.

We wake him up and make him content

We press his suit and feel confident

That again someday he will be President.

Few mortals know of our delight
When Abe bids us all goodnight.

We know Uncle Walt is a stickler for detail, but we rarely stop and consider how observant are our guests. A lady leaving the theatre, approached MARY DALESANDRO and said, "I was greatly impressed, but did you know that the left point of Mr. Lincoln's vest is caught under his watch chain." Upon checking, it was discovered that the point of the vest had bent back due to Mr. Lincoln repeatedly standing up and sitting down.

SHERI MAXWELL was probably nervous as she led her first group of guests into the main theatre, but in a clear voice she started her announcement. "Ladies and Gentlemen, in order to preserve the dignity of this occasion," and then she tripped and fell flat on her face. The guests either impressed by the sincerity of her voice or the grandeur of the theatre, never uttered a snicker. She picked herself up and went on with her speech. "We respectfully request, etc."

There is a sign behind the deck at the Illinois Booth that reads:

**FREE LAND OF LINCOLN
PUBLICATIONS &
INFORMATION**

LUCINDA LYTLE tells us that many guests sign their names and addresses expecting to receive *FREE LAND*.

One woman, talking to CARLA BLANK, insisted that the animated figure only slightly resembled Lincoln, but was identical to Royal Dano, who has played the part of Lincoln on Omnibus on T.V. and who's voice is used in our Mr. Lincoln.

CINDY BROWNING overheard a family discussing the Capital Building. The little boy said "Daddy, is that where Mickey Mouse lives?" The father looked at his son and replied, "Some people think so."

JOAN DANIEL was sitting in the last row of the theatre shortly after opening day, and heard a strange ticking sound. Upon investigating, Joan discovered a strange looking object chained to one of the seats. Thinking that it probably was a time bomb, she reported it to WES DEMMONS. Security was then called and after checking, it was discovered that the "time bomb" was an instrument used to measure the humidity in the theatre.

Besides the guys and gals mentioned above, our night foreman, EARL SMICK, and our lovely hostesses JILL REPERT, MARCLA DANNERBERGER, ROSANNE PIRES and KATHY WARD, join me in wishing all of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.





A page from an old prospector's diary—

This afternoon while wanderin' through an amazin' park, ah looked up kinda' sudden like an' found myself standin' in front of an old log fort with the gates wide open. Now never havin' seen a fort before with the gates left open that way, ah wuz kinda' curious so ah ambled in. The first thing ah saw were some old muskets stickin' out of the blockhouses as if the sentrys were expectin' an attack. But it wuz only their ghosts that remained, fer the muskets were covered with rust an' the uniforms'd long since crumbled into dust.

Spying a tradin' post, ah moseyed over to have a look an' then spent a few minutes talkin' to TOMMI BUTLER, the lady who looks after the place. Shore-wuz interestin' lookin' at all those doodads an' stuff on the shelves.

Across the way ah discovered another interestin' place called Pendleton where they have all kinds of fancy cloths. A lady named FLORENCE COLE helped me find a new coat an' before ah left ah met some more of the crew includin' GARY GAMBLE, BEA HURST an' JOHN VODONICK.

My footsteps kinda' echoed as ah walked along the boardwalk an' ah could almost hear the ghostly laughter of people from the past who used to frequent the area. The Golden Horseshoe Saloon looked as good as the day it wuz built an' ah heard the sounds of a rollickin' stage show driftin' through the swingin' doors.

Then ah spied a mule pack train comin' out of a place called Rainbow Ridge an' yuh know, ah real sudden' like felt right at home. Them mule trains at one time were the life line of frontier towns. An' then ah discovered a familiar face by the name o' EDDIE DIXON. He wuz standin' alongside the chute where his mules were bein' loaded with pioneers fer a trip through Nature's



Wonderland. After a hasty greetin', ah climbed on the back of one of the mules and Eddie led the string out onto the Wilderness Trail. At one point we could look out over the Rivers of America an' ah thought ah was seein' things when an Indian War Canoe came into sight from around the bend. Eddie told me later that the Indians who were paddlin' the canoe were JON BURKE and TIM WHITE EAGLE.

A bit farther on we came upon the Great Livin' Desert an' ah could see the Mine Train haulin' a load of pioneers out to work their claims. At least ah thought that's where they were goin'; found out later it wuz to the Rainbow Caverns.

Then our trip ended an' we were back at Rainbow Ridge again. Eddie turned to watch ever'one leave an' ah could almost read his thoughts as he watched 'em go. Ah think he wuz wonderin' where they all come from an' where they go when they leave.

It's an amazin' place, this Frontierland. Where else in this day an' age could yuh find such a place.



It seems that summer is just over and already HIDEO ARAMAKI (Indian) and BUDDY CABBAA, two of our head chefs in food service, are preparing for the Christmas visitation. Two other people who are try-

ing to get ready for Christmas are BOB WASSON of the Plaza Inn and BOB MCKINLEY of the Pavilion and Tahitian Terrace. It is their job to line up the personnel to handle the many guests. This isn't easy because they have to predict how many people to call back and then see how many they can get from last summer's crew and how many newcomers they will have to hire.

In the line of hiring we had a serious setback when we lost CHUCK BURNES who came to us from the U. of D. (University of Disneyland, every university goes by its initials and ours is no different). Chuck was transferred recently and is now Talent Supervisor for the Characters and Gun Fighters. The jump from a Food Service personnel trainer to Talent Supervisor is not an unusual one for Chuck because he has spent much of his life in the field of entertainment. So good luck Chuck, and drop by from time to time.

The Plaza Inn opened only a few months ago and it seems appropriate to see how one of the most elaborate restaurants is doing. When it first opened there were many problems and a great deal of confusion, it seemed things would never calm down, but thanks to the able supervision of BOB WASSON, FRANK DI GUGLIELMO, GERRY RAWSON and DALE BURNER, things have settled down to a very smooth routine.

A very nice advantage of our new Plaza Inn is that we now have our own bakery, headed by BERNIE JUBAN, a true Patisser, and it might be noted that employees may have cakes made to order for them by Bernie.

I would like to close with a little food for thought from all the personnel in Food Service, "MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL."



THE PERPETUAL PAINTJOB





TONY LOURIERO AND BILL WEIGLE – JUST “ROLLING ALONG WITH THE TREES”

Have you ever wondered why the shooting galleries in Adventureland and Frontierland look so fresh every morning? It is hard to believe how new they look if you stop to think about all the flying lead chipping away at the paint every day.

Well, it is no accident that they look so good and if you don't believe it, just ask RAY HORN, BILL WEIGLE, FRANK PETTRONELLI, BILL ATNAR or BOB REAM. They are the men responsible for keeping the galleries painted every day and it's a big job. There are ten colors of paint used in the Frontierland Gallery and eleven in the Adventureland Gallery. The paint they use on everything is vinyl except for the water targets, and these are painted with colored shellac. Twice a year the paint is completely chipped off and both galleries are redone.

Occasionally funny things happen, especially when a

new man is working. For instance, the Adventureland Gallery has several Giraffes and if the eyes are accidentally touched, they move and scare whoever is painting them.

Sometimes a wrong button will be pushed and the targets start moving making the painters jump and hang onto the trees to get out of the way.

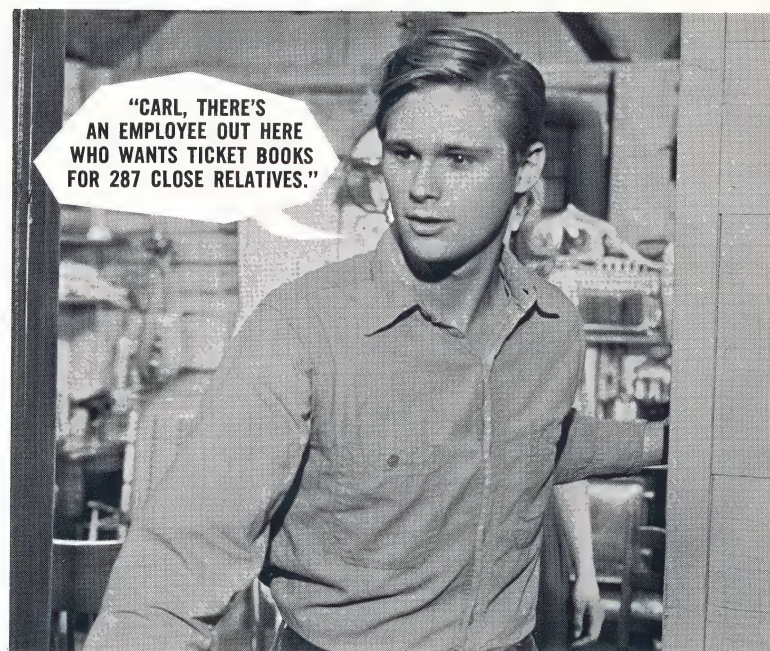
Tony was telling us one day how they all cringe whenever they hear a gun shot because sometimes they are working when the Park is open. Working during operating hours also leads to questions from the guests, who after standing and watching for a moment will ask, “What are you doing, painting?” Or, “How often do you paint it?”

It must be interesting, or should I say frustrating to have a job where as soon as you are through, it is time to start again. After all, it takes only one shot and one piece of lead, and the paint job is on its way to being done again.

THE PLUM LINE



— BY CLAUDE PLUM



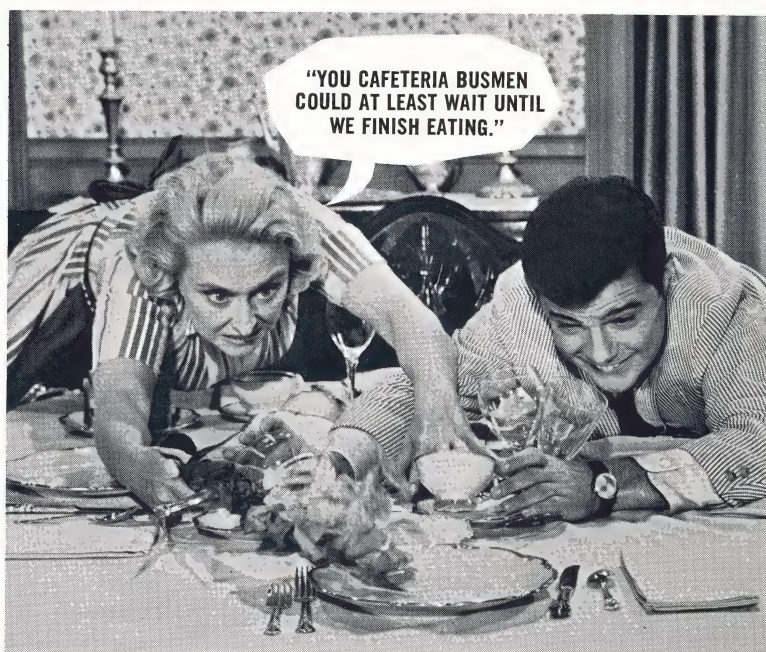
"A" IS FOR ADMISSIONS.

DISNEYLAND FROM

A

to

Z



"B" IS FOR BUSMEN.



"C" IS FOR CHRISTMAS PARADE.



"D" STANDS FOR D.R.C.



"E" IS FOR EMPLOYEE'S MAGAZINE.



"F" IS FOR FOREMAN.



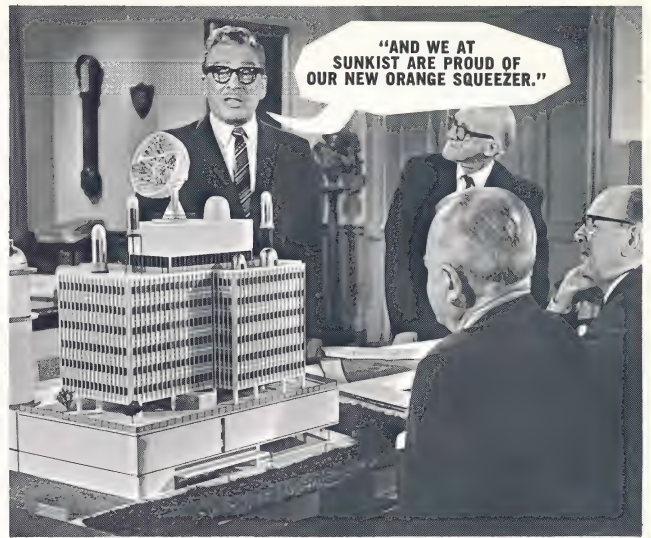
"G" IS FOR GROUP SALES.



"H" IS FOR HAIRCUT.



"I" IS FOR INDIANS.



"J" IS FOR JUICE.



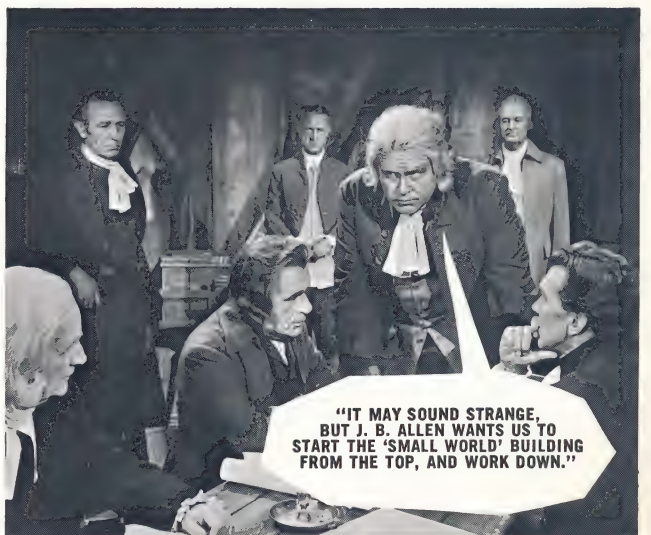
"K" IS FOR KEY KONTROL.



"L" STANDS FOR LESSEES.



"M" IS FOR MAINTENANCE.



"N" IS FOR NEW CONSTRUCTION.



"WE'VE BEEN SENT
TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT
YOUR DAILY OPERATIONAL REPORT."

"O" IS FOR OPERATIONS.



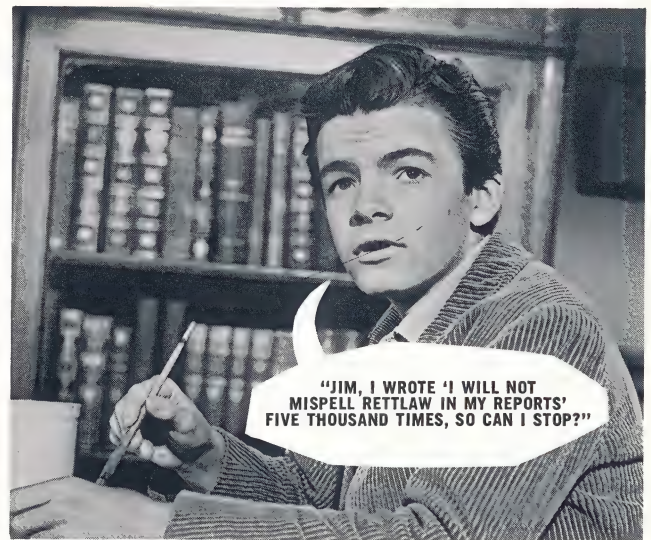
"AS YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER,
WE DON'T FEEL WE SHOULD HAVE TO
RENT YOUR SHOPPING PASS."

"P" IS FOR PASSES, SHOPPING KIND, THAT IS.



"I'M SORRY. PAVILION
REGULATIONS REQUIRE AN I.D.
CARD BEFORE WE CAN GIVE
YOU A CHILD'S PLATE."

"Q" IS FOR CUCUMBER.



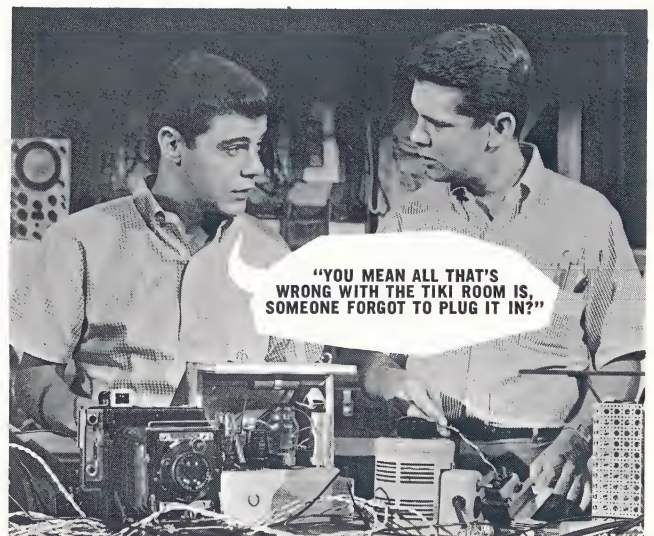
"JIM, I WROTE 'I WILL NOT
MISPELL RETTLAW IN MY REPORTS'
FIVE THOUSAND TIMES, SO CAN I STOP?"

"R" IS FOR RETLAW.



"I ADMIT, IT'S
A GOOD DISGUISE, TIM, BUT
WHAT PRACTICAL PURPOSE
WILL IT SERVE?"

"S" IS FOR SECURITY.



"YOU MEAN ALL THAT'S
WRONG WITH THE TIKI ROOM IS,
SOMEONE FORGOT TO PLUG IT IN?"

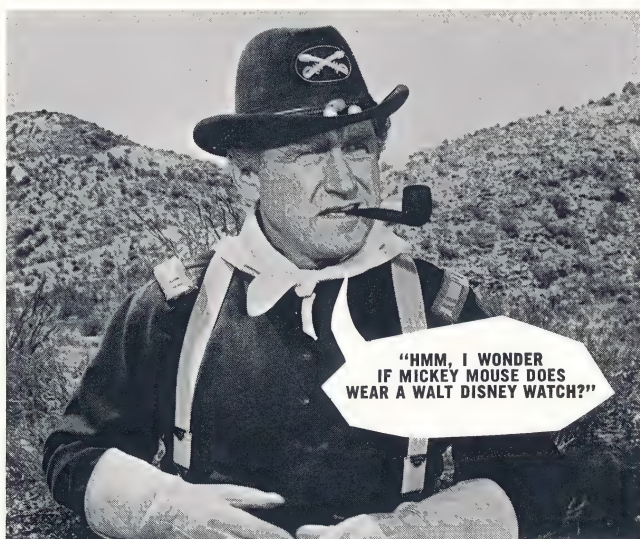
"T" IS FOR TIKI ROOM.



"U" IS FOR UNIVERSITY OF DISNEYLAND.



"V" IS FOR VIM AND VIGOR.



"W" IS FOR GUESS WHO?



"X" STANDS FOR X-CITEMENT.



"Y" IS FOR YOUTH.



"Z" STANDS FOR "ZE END."

Ghost Writer Confused By Notice From Haunted Mansion

The clarion call put out for tenants at Disneyland's as yet unopened Haunted Mansion in the World just preceding this issue may have been only loud and not clear, since the first letter to pour in is obviously a phony.

Ghosts are needed, brother, not ghost writers. This one, signing himself as Sir Lancelot of Camelot, may have picked the wrong character. According to most historians, Lancelot never really lived and so could hardly have achieved the spirit state.

Disneyland's Department of Mediums and the Demon Design Laboratory at WED Enterprises, Inc. are fairly certain of that, in any event, but are

now drawing lots to determine whom among their personnel will check a certain Pink Castle in La Canada, which Lancelot gives as a reference, or Mitchell Hall.

"I am very interested in haunting with your family of phantoms," writes the one calling himself Lancelot, "and would appreciate greatly the chance to join them."

"Br-r-r-r," shivered WED's chief demonologist, wondering at the temerity of the author were he indeed not a ghost. He read on:

"At the present I am haunting the 'Pink Castle' in La Canada, but all correspondence should be addressed to me

in care of Mitchell Hall, whose address appears above."

Of course the letter writer claimed a long post-mortal history based chiefly in old English piles, like Windsor, and Edinburg Castle in Scotland and, say, the Royal Castle of Helsingor in Denmark.

But the paper on which the letter is writ clearly bears the watermark of a Santa Monica manufacturer, and a couple of smudgy fingerprints left on a brief script so roughly folded belies both the noble origin and ghostly state of the sender.

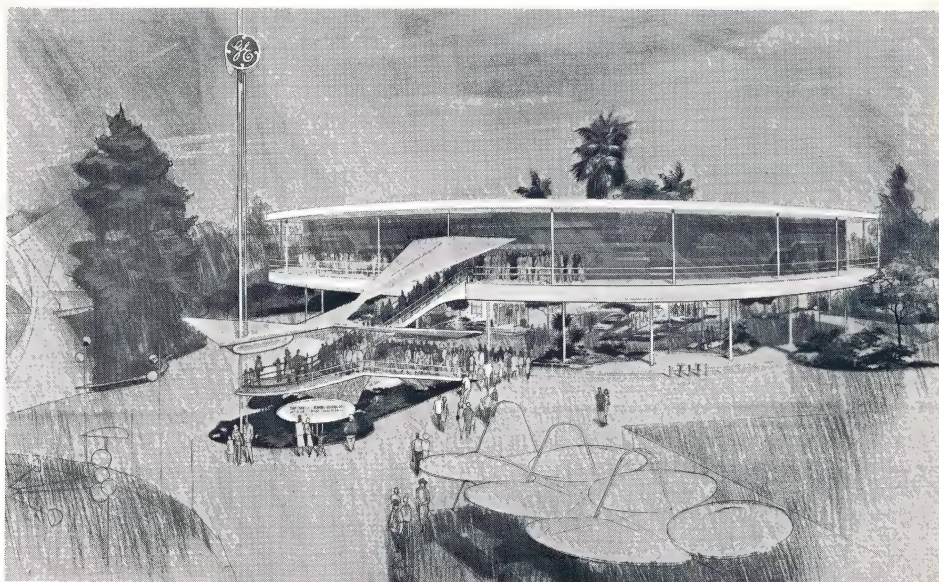
General Electric Show Set To Appear At Park June, 1967

An important Disneyland development—and direct result of Walt's enormously successful World Fair contributions—is the moving of a major portion of the General Electric show to the Park for opening in June, 1967.

The announcement was made by WDP and General Electric, without very many details, as this issue of the World went to press.

Central feature of G.E.'s Disneyland show will be the now famous Carousel with its 32 Audio-Animatronic figures. There will be a product area, but along lines that will not necessarily follow those employed in the Fair version.

In New York, G.E.'s Progressland, telling the story of progress in electrical living in the home since the turn of the century, was visited by more than 15,000,000 people, with this year's attendance running ten per cent over that of 1964.

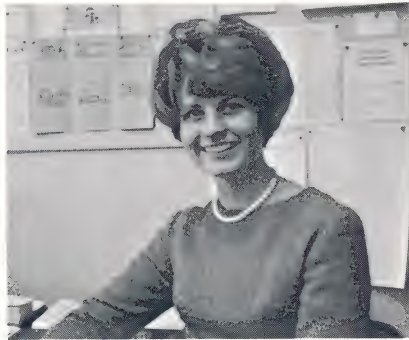


An artist's conception of the General Electric pavilion as it will appear at Disneyland.

"At Disneyland we believe that the proven audience-tested Carousel show will continue to intrigue and entertain many additional millions of guests," said David W. Burke, manager of public relations programs at G.E.'s New York headquarters.

"Disneyland attracts its visitors from all over the United States and the world and thus is an excellent locale for an exhibit by a national and international company such as General Electric."

They Also Serve (our Guests) Who Sit and Type



LORRIE DOBBS
OPERATIONS



FRAN FORBES
ADVERTISING



MARLENE DOWDELL
GROUP INSURANCE



ANITA GRAY
UNIVERSITY OF DISNEYLAND



THERESA LOPEZ
PERSONNEL



MARY FORSYTH
COMMUNITY RELATIONS



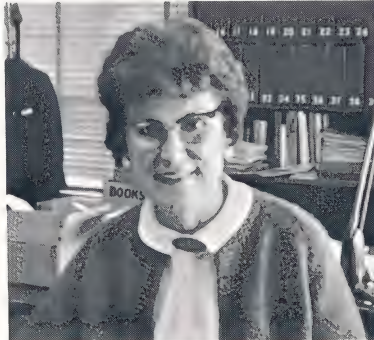
VIRGINIA CASSAR
LESSEE RELATIONS



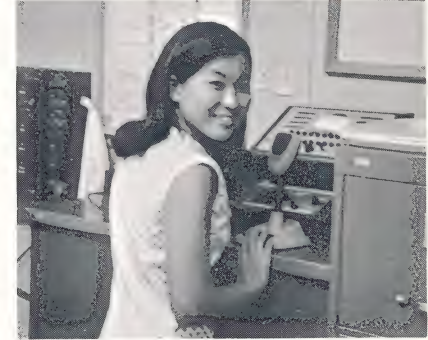
NANCY FARRELL
ENGINEERING



JO LEEPER
PERSONNEL



FRANCIS MARINKOVICH
PURCHASING



GEORGIA OSUMI
OPERATIONS



NEVA COFFMAN
LABOR RELATIONS



CLARICE HIGGINS
PAYROLL



JUDY JUSTUS
OPERATIONS



PHYLLIS LONG
PRODUCTIONS



JEANNE PERKINS
MAIN FILES



BETTIE WOODY
PAYROLL



LUCY SMELTZER
PERSONNEL



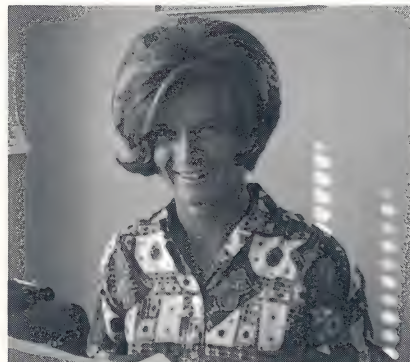
RICCI SCHOLLAR
PURCHASING



ADELL DAVIS
UNIVERSITY OF DISNEYLAND



EVE WILHELM
PURCHASING



LYNN YOUNG
FOOD STANDS PERSONNEL



JUNE McCLENDON
MAINTENANCE



"Mudcat" Mike writing the Fantasyland column?! Incredible! Impossible! Outrageous! Such were the cries greeting "Mudcat" as he roved around, his nose quivering for news.

Once upon a time there was a pirate ship sailing the turbulent waters of northeast Fantasyland. But, alas, it has foundered upon the "sands of time" and is high and dry and in need of repairs. It seems that dry rot has set in and much of the planking is being replaced. And, of course, the usual painting and barnacle scraping is going on. The Poop Deck is littered with debris and it looks like the good Tuna Clipper has gone through a storm. Captain ELVA BESLER and First Mate, MARY BRIGGS are getting everything ship-shape.

DAN GRISANTI, manager of Welch's and Hills Brothers, was telling us how one of the girls this summer lifted the lid off the bubbling grape brew without first turning off the switch. To her amazed chagrin she found it cascading down over her, from head to foot. Boy, was her face red! (or purple?)

JIM PATTON, on Storybook, extolls the beauty of the canal girls who grace his little boats. He also mused that for some reason, the young gentlemen like very much to gain employment, too, on this attraction. He said that some guests thought that it was the Jungle Cruise and would ask when was he going to shoot the hippos? One of his pretty proteges, KATHY BENDER, is now Snow White. One time a guest asked her how much it cost to get into Tomorrowland.

AL KEIPANS, of the Carrousel, can be described as follows: Keipans Kuts Kute Kurious Kapers on Karrousel.

AL VAIL — While on the Fantasyland Skyway this summer, the crew was, as usual, attired in lederhosen costumes. A little old lady from Pasadena on arriving, wanted to know, "What town is this?"

RON OSBON is the Man on Midgets. In fact, you could call him Mr. Midgets. He, as well as your scribe, will mourn the passing of Midget Autopia to a never-never land somewhere over the rainbow. The sheer delight of the little kiddies when they get behind that wheel is something to behold. Just recently, Ron was operating the ride when he looked up and saw Walt Disney waiting in line with his grandchildren. Ron invited him to come in the back way, but Walt said no, that he would wait in line like the other people. He expressed the fondness that he and his grand-kiddies have for Midget Autopia and said that he would like to see it relocated and remodeled in another area.

YVONNE HUDSON was a mermaid and, although it is well known that there is no such thing as a mermaid, Yvonne was a mermaid if there ever was one. On occasion, an amorous and adventurous youth would jump into the Submarine Lagoon and swim out to Mermaid Rock for a rendezvous. Yvonne thought that such an event was "just darling." The Security Officers did not share this opinion.

RON DOYLE, working on Mr. Toads wild ride, said that the other day the *real* Ratty showed up, and that he dashed this way and that, much to the dismay of the female guests. He was furry and on all fours and one guest said that he didn't look at all like a Walt Disney character. No, indeed!

BOB MORRIS, on the Dumbo attraction, asked that we drop a line to a departed brother in Vietnam, CY HUGHES, formerly of Fantasyland. Ask operations for his address.

Some changes — BILL SULLIVAN back from New York to supervise Fantasyland. BILL WILLIAMSON to ably assist.

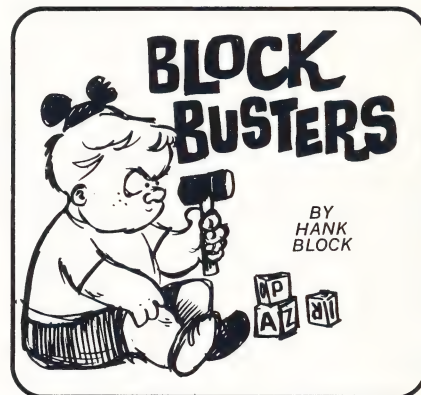
BOBBY HIGHT comes down off his high mountain to toot the whistle and ring the bell on the Mark Twain.

MARCIA HENDERSON, of Storybook Land, would like very very much to work on the Matterhorn.

Genial JOHN CATONE greeted us gregariously and was pleased to announce that Small World is 55% completed. He said that the boats have arrived from New York and that the ride will be ready for testing by May (we hope!) The structures will be permanent, and the ride will be longer than it was in New York. The sound track will be improved, too. John says that the area in front of Small World will be snow white in

color, and at night the lighting will give a wonderful illusion of fantasy.

CARLOS COMANCHU, Pluto, tells of the pros and cons of being a dog. He said that one day a little girl came up and said, "Pluto, I love you. I really love you. And guess what? I have a dog, a St. Bernard. Would you like to have a date with her?" Well, anyway, that is the way it is when you lead a dog's life!



Gosh tempus sure does fugit. Seems like only yesterday that we were worrying about the long, hot, busy summer, then the long, slow fall season, and now it's how-can-I-return-Aunt-Tillie's (she's the one with the money) necktie-without-hurting-her-feelings-time.

The fall season rolled along pretty good. Crowds were up, the weather hot, and the Dodgers (the bums) won the series after losing the first two games to my wonderful Twins (the bums). All my beneficiaries were very happy about this. In fact EDDIE CARNAGIE left the next day on a Mexican vacation. O.K. fellows I'll be back next year(?).

This and Thatta:

Didja know that pretty LEE GOUGH is 5'2" tall in her "stalking" feet?

STAN LaFORTUNE is smoking a new cigarette called "Football." Says he's trying to kick the habit.

FRANK MARTINEZ said he bought a new all-electric home. Everything in it is charged.

CHARLEEN to LARRY at 3:00 a.m. "Wake up dear. I think I left the electric toothbrush on."

REIKO COX says that a crick is the sound made by a Japanese camera.

CONNI to SUSAN. "I know Ron's faithful, his seat belts never have to be readjusted."

HAL DARTER's definition of a cocktail party. "A gathering at which drinks mix people."

DANA greeting FRED at front door, "Hello dear, where's for dinner."

HOOT GIBSON said his vacation was a complete success. He beat all his checks home.

AL DAVIS says his favorite tavern has a sign over the bar reading, "Pay-as-you-glow."

BOB HANNA says what this country needs is a credit card that will fit in a vending machine.

Sweet Ole Lady watching Mark Twain pull away from the dock. "Am I too late for this one?"

Sweet Ole Hank, "Yassum, but you're early for the next one."

Trying to get a word in edgewise with my wife is like trying to thread a sewing machine needle with the motor running. (Don't throw it dear, it's Christmas time.)

And being as this is the Holiday Season, here are a few greetings from our many guests around the world:

Joyeux Noel et Bonne Annee.

Frohliche Weihnachten Ein Gluckliches Neues Jahr.

Buon Natale, Felice Capo D'Anno.

Felices Pascuas, Feliz Ano Neuvo.

God Jul, Gott Nytt Ar.

A Freylekhn Nittl, A Glidekhn Nay-Yor.

Glaedelig Jul, Glaedeligt Nytar.

Kung Hsi Hsin Nien Bing Chu Shen Tan.

Kurisumasu O-Medeto Gozaimasu.

Een Prettiga Kertmis.

Boze Narodzenie.

Houska Joulua.

Nodlaig Mhaith Chugnat.

God Jul Og Godt Nytt Aar.

Vrolyk Kerstfeest En Gelukkig Wieu Joar.

My profound thanks to pretty THERESA SMITH for researching all the above for me.

And from Sweet Ole Hank, may your Christmas be the merriest and your New Year the healthiest, happiest, and most prosperous.

And always remember that "Sweet Adeline" sounds better when all the bases are loaded.

See you next year.



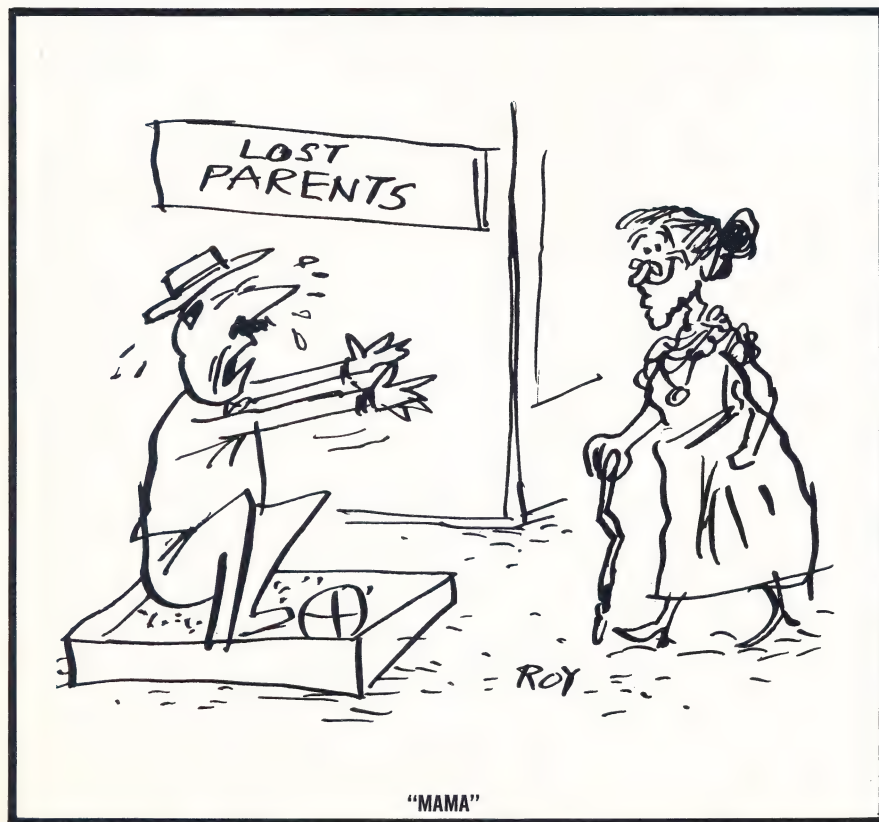
Here we go, Christmas time again, and the government has made the first move to increase spending in the Appalachian area. They are moving my wife in tomorrow. For those of you who don't know my wife, she is the "Viet Cong" of the War on Poverty.

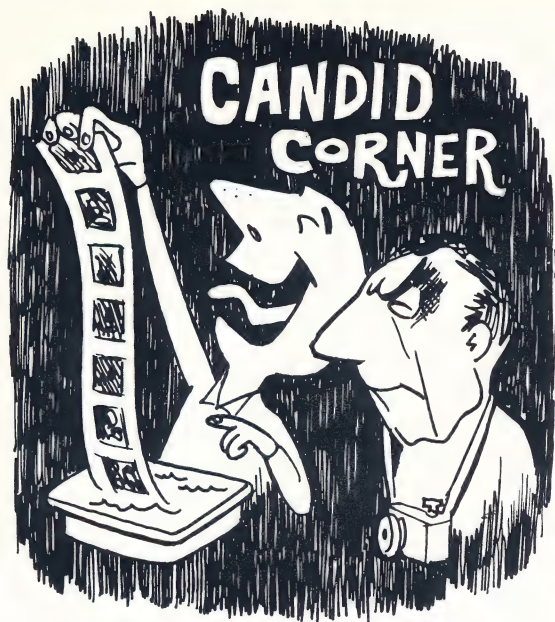
I should have been suspicious of my wife years ago, because she let me engage in pre-marital spending. She has a wonderful attitude towards money. If it costs fifty dollars or less she pays cash; one thousand dollars or less, she charges it; anything over one thousand dollars, she rents it. And if I say anything, she has a good answer, "It's only money." And I believe it, because with her, money is only a means to an end. The end is Green Stamps. I won't say how many Green Stamps she pasted last year, but I imagine she swallowed at least four gallons of glue. It's embarrassing! The neighbors all think I'm the passionate lover. Who's passionate? With those sticky lips, I just try to kiss her and it takes two hours to get loose. And if you're wondering how many books of Green Stamps a person can save, last week she turned in her books and got a complete T.V. outfit... CBS!

By-the-way, for Christmas I decided to try going on the Drinking Man's Diet, and I want to tell you it's great. I've already lost six pounds in three weekends.

Yesterday a bum walked up to me and asked for fifty cents. I said, "For coffee?" He said, "No, bourbon, I'm trying to reduce." Do you realize if this idea works what it is going to do for this country?... one hundred and ninety million skinny drunks. What I like about the Drinking Man's Diet is, if you don't lose a lot of weight, the time sure flies. But the best thing about the Drinking Man's Diet is, it automatically gives you exercise because you fall down an awful lot.

But I'm kidding so ho... ho... ho... and a pleasant buffoonery to all.





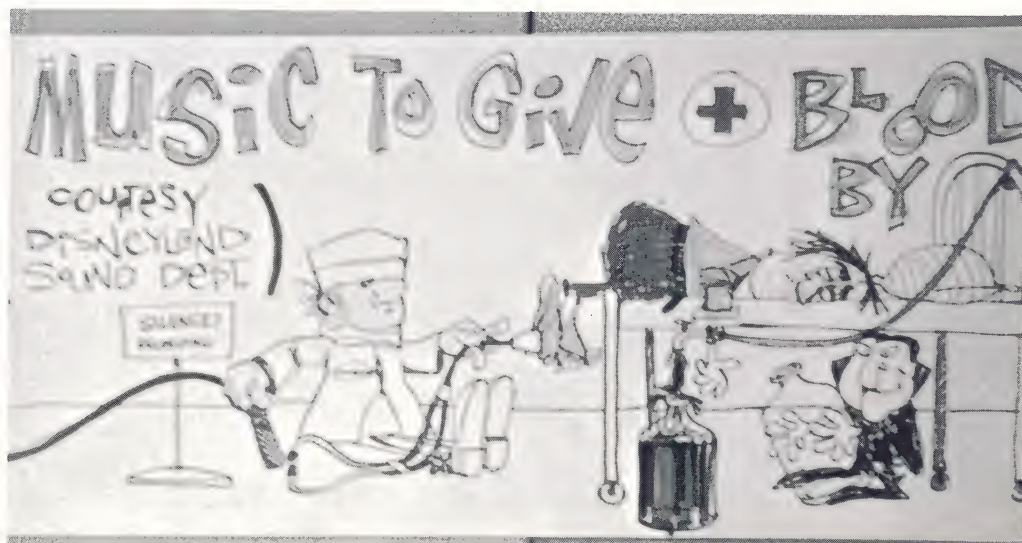
DOLORES BRAMBLETT, one of the girls who really can "tag" our guests



It's a wonder that LUCY COTTOM of Tabulating isn't "key-punchy" after a day's work



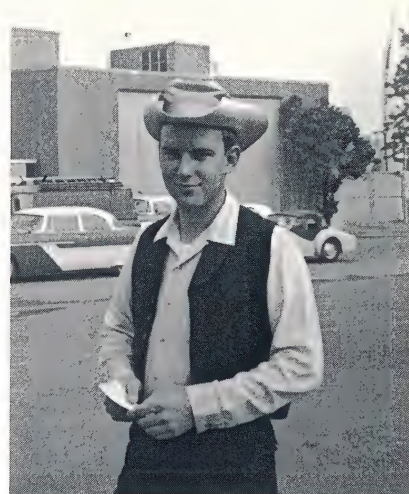
CLINT HILL of Payroll, a man who "checks" all our work



Over at the University of Disneyland it seems they were piping music in as they piped blood out for our Blood Bank



It looks as if TOM LINVILLE, ED CARNEGIE, CURTIS HINMAN, and DON HUFSTADER (from left to right) are flipping their wigs in Wardrobe



BOB BEEKMAN in the break area on a fast break for breakfast



BEA JONES who looks like she's waiting for a kitty cat who's been to the beach to walk through, so she can say "Sandy Claws" was here



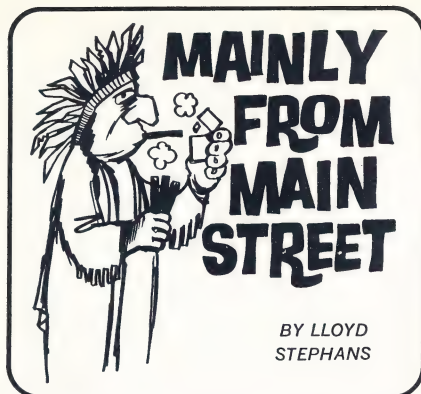
KELLY SMITH, who's happy because he doesn't have to purchase the columns for this magazine



DON REED of Key Control looks like he can hardly wait to lunch on "Locks and Cheese"



RON FLORES, Payroll, who should be nicknamed "Sherlock Holmes" because he's good at deductions



You are walking down Main Street, Disneyland, U.S.A. and you hear the familiar tune of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" bursting forth in barbershop style from the Wurlitzer Hall. You walk in and you realize that you and the guests of Disneyland are being entertained by the famous Dapper Dans of Disneyland. You tell yourself that these guys are good, and you are right. The Dapper Dans are top entertainment anywhere and any time. However, it wasn't always this way. The present edition of the Dapper Dans are top performers because they were willing to learn and to work for success. During the Christmas season of 1960, four boys from Chapman College came to Disneyland to replace a group of professional singers who had been billed as the Dapper Dans of Disneyland. The boys were not too sure how long they would last, but they were willing to try. Luckily Ron, Jim, Doug, and Bob were invited to attend a Barber Shop Parade (show) and were allowed to sing at the afterglow, a party held after the show. There, after hearing such famous quartets as the Gala Lads and Sidewinders entertain, they realized how much they had to learn, and they did something about it. They got Val Hicks, a famous teacher and arranger in this field, to help them. The next year they were featured on the show given by this same chapter, and since then they have entertained thousands of people all over Southern California.



They have flown to Chicago, Illinois three times to sing on international contest parades given by the Society for the Preservation of Barber Shop Singing in America. Ron and Jim are still with the quartet; Doug and Bob were replaced by Perry and Gene. This summer Perry went to Europe, so Tom has become the new lead for the group. Yes, it seems a quartet that started out as a group of college boys are going to make it big some day. They have appeared for two summers on Disneyland Hootenannies and were a part of Walt Disney's premiere of Mary Poppins. (Editor's Note: Let's face it the Dapper Dans have found a new gimmick . . . a voice.)

We often hear that Disneyland is a place where the whole family can have fun, not just the kids. A family by the name of BIXLER decided that if this was true for the guests, it was also true for them. The family decided to go to work at Disneyland. DALLAS and his wife, VIRGINIA, had owned a family restaurant, and they decided to put what they had learned about preparing food to use at Disneyland. They started working for the Pavilion in 1960. When the restaurant was sold in 1961, Dallas worked at the Main Gate and on Main Street for a while. Then he went to work for the Pavilion again when Disneyland took it over. Last summer he helped open the Plaza Inn, and at present, he is food supervisor at the Pavilion on a part-time basis. He teaches cooking and baking at Andrew Jackson High School in Los Angeles. Virginia is in the Merchandising Department, and her daughter Gail is a full-time employee in Merchandising. Brother Dale worked here one summer, and little sister Sally will probably join the rest of the family at the Park when she reaches the ripe old age of eighteen. Yes, Disneyland is a family affair to the Bixlers.

If you see a little guy without much hair walking swiftly toward Ken-L-Land one of these days, you can be fairly sure it is ROY DAVIS. At present Roy is the foreman of Ken-L-Land, the place where guests of the Magic Kingdom rest their assorted animals while enjoying Disneyland. Roy retired a few years ago, but because of the need for additional funds to supplement his income from his pension, he started to work here. At first he worked in the Parking Lot, then as a Ticket Taker at the Main Gate. Finally, he became a permanent employee at his present

position. They say, Roy has quite a way with animals, they become quite fond of him. Luckily he wasn't here on the night of October 22, when a pet lion became a guest of Ken-L-Land. We never would have gotten rid of that lion.

One of our young Tour Guides swears that the following story is true. It seems that SANDI HYNES noticed a very happy family in front of Main Gate one Saturday afternoon. After inquiring the reason for all of their joy, she discovered that it was the little boy's birthday. The mother asked the Tour Guides to sing the usual birthday greeting to him.

"What's your son's name," asked Sandi.

"Dusty Broom," replied the proud mother.



Our new Bank of America Disneyland Branch Manager, JIM HORAN, with from left to right: PEARL BURDETTE, JANE YOUNG, DANA DUFFY, DEE DUGAN AKINS, MARIE JOHNSON, JOAN STREETER, CHARLENE DuMARS, and ALICE BAILES.

James J. HORAN joined the Disneyland family at the Bank of America on July 6, 1965. Of course, he'd been with the bank some 29 years so only the "Disneyland way" was new to him, but he fell into the swing of summer just like a veteran.

Most of his life has been spent in Long Beach with his wife, HELEN, and his 11 children. The first five trips to the hospital brought home boys, then two girls and next a set of twin girls and two girls for the last two trips, also. Jim Jr. is a Michigan school teacher, Number 2 son, Tom, was ordained for the Archdiocese of Los Angeles on May 1, 1965. Patrick is a Bank of American at Los Angeles Main, Eddy is with American Airlines, and Michael is attending Long Beach State College. The girls are currently at home as is Helen most of the time.

(Editor's Note: This story was given to us by JANE YOUNG.)



Should you happen to glance over toward West Street, you might see most anything, like big red "dirt-digger-uppers" running all around piling dirt up here, there & back & front!!!

The "coffee shop that was" — is no more! In its place is a blue and white fence all the way to the sidewalk. There is a sign saying "Soon to be here, the Coffee Shop to 'Top' all Coffee Shops". Anyway 300 seats means it's going to be dad-burn BIG!

Should you happen to drop into the Gourmet Dining Room, try to catch Al Hoffmans' "Chorus Line." Lovely Bonnie, Cutie Joanie, Sweetie-Pie-Ruthie and Delightful Mary Ann are assisting Lois and her crew in the "Greetings" Department.

We sorta had "home-coming" day, as the Sales Division moved back to their ole stompin' grounds. Sorta nice to see them around. I'm sure the Ticket Mutual must feel it's all of a sudden in the "middle of Times Square!"

Had you dropped by the Fashion Shop a few weeks back, you might have wondered who ran into Sandy or how does the other guy look! Better still, when your husband says move, take it slower, Sandy. We really are so very grateful you weren't hurt worse. Could never replace you, (that's from one Texan to another!)

Recently the Childrens Shop received the following letter from Tucson, Arizona:

To Someone in Authority —

When I was about 3 or 4 years old most of my associates and I warmed our feet with bedroom slippers, distributed by Walt Disney and made like "Flower the Skunk".

Lately, I have looked everywhere for a store, which carries Skunk slippers and so far, I haven't found one.

I realize I wore my slippers, at least 15 years ago, but it does seem a shame that children today, must either surrender their skunk slippers

forever to growing feet or grow up deprived of them completely. So I am bringing my problem to you, who designed and sold them at one time.

Is it at all possible sir, to obtain a pair of skunk slippers before Christmas? If this can be done, could you make me a pair in size 10½ D (mens).

Since the second part of my request I know is stranger than the first, may I add a third. If the price of 10½ D Skunk Slippers is not too high — could a pair also be made in 7½ B (womens) ?

Thank you very much for reading thus far. No doubt you are convinced you are reading a letter from a complete Kook. I'm really only a partial kook, the other part bookworm and long time Disney fan, who is trying to corner a pair of "Skunk Slippers", for one who seems to have grown up with no emotional scars, but whom I feel should no longer be deprived of Disneys charming cure for cold feet.

Gratefully & Respectfully Yours
The girls in the shop are "open" for suggestions.

We have marked the calendar for the "Saddest day of the year". We've lost our Chuck Currier. This lil' feller came bolt'n out of the blue in 1961. We all learned to love Chuck, he was everyone's friend, and to fill his shoes will be hard. Georgia is a long way off, but should anyone from

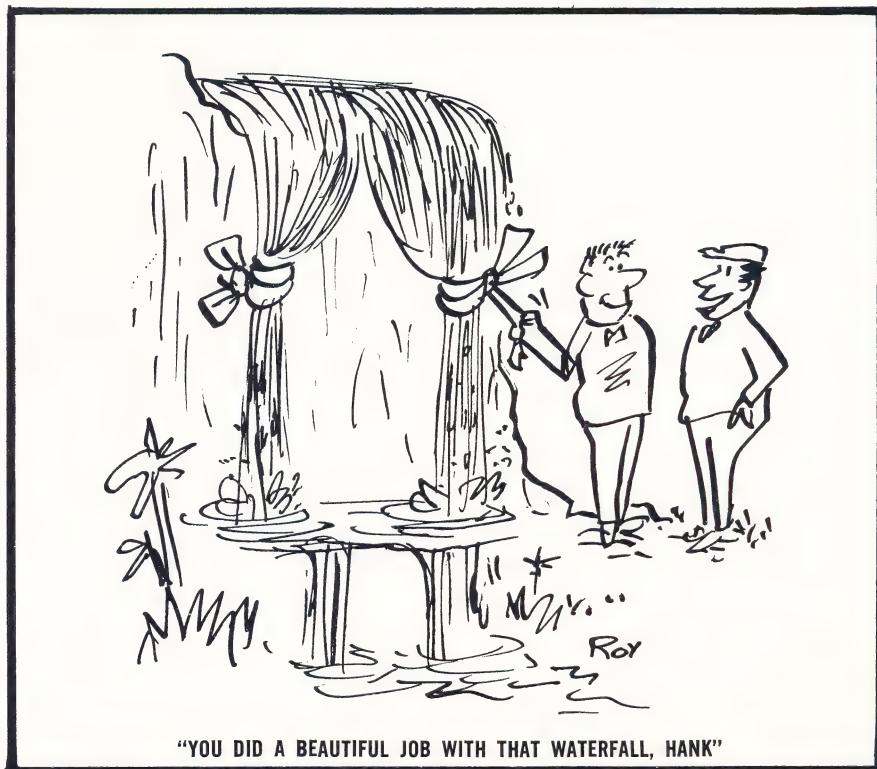
the Magic Kingdom head that way, I'm sure that if you'll only walk up to the desk, at the "General Oglethorpe Hotel" in Savannah, show the clerk your DRC card . . . you can expect "Red Carpet" treatment — just say "Wally Boag sent me!!"

So nice to see Della from the Drug Store out again. Her advice to all, watch out for falling boxes! A broken foot, is next to terrible.

If you go into the Hotel Lobby and get the idea that the Bell Boys decided the people at the desk bothered them too much, they didn't really just "panel" them up! The noise you hear is the remodeling crew banging away. Just keep on going down that wall and ask Kay at American Airlines where the desk is. And they'll tell you right behind the Telephone Booths. If you see a dark-haired fellow whiz by, that's our new Assistant Manager JOSE ARIES — so nice to have you back — course I think maybe he's two or three inches shorter, he's been moving around so fast. Retlaw appreciates you.

Many good reports from the Hotel gang that went to the DRC — ELKS Dinner. All I hear is MORE—MORE. When? ? Earl.

We hope Nancy from the Drug Store has a ball in England. She was formerly at the Emporium. Twenty years since she's seen her native soil.



Disneyland's mighty little castle

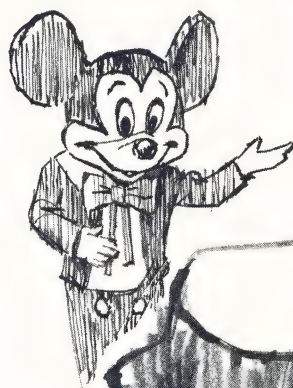
PAUL CASTLE

by Lewie Johnson

A conversation with Paul Castle, Disneyland's official greeter in the name of Mickey Mouse, is not only exciting, interesting, and unusual, it is a vivid lesson in the power of positive thinking. Here is a man, unlike so many of us, who understands himself, can analyze his childhood, and laugh at, if not wholly forget, his mistakes and his misfortunes.

When Paul begins to reminisce, his eyes melt from the heat of nostalgia, and you're taken back to Cleveland to those perplexing days of adolescence. Paul must have been the most active kid in town; in high school he was cheerleader, track manager, participated in dramatics and many other club activities. But being a Boy Scout meant the most to Paul. He uninhibitedly says his Boy Scout activities have had a profound effect on his life. The firmness with which he speaks denies contention. This is particularly interesting when you learn that he just fell short of becoming an Eagle Scout. Because of his size (3' 10" and 65 pounds at the age of seventeen), he could not master the lifesaving test and consequently could not get his nineteenth merit badge and coveted Eagle Scout award. However, Paul has no regrets. It is specifically his attitude and resulting compensation in regard to his height that marks and pervades his whole character.

Paul can't tell you that he drives an "MC" sports car without mentioning that the floor pedals have had to be extended so that he can reach them easily. Paul is also a licensed private pilot. In fact, he owned a plane before he bought his first car. But again, the emphasis is on the specially built controls because of his short stature. Throughout his life Paul has been fascinated with planes. In 1957 he even quit show business to go to work in an airplane factory in Chicago. But that is getting ahead of our story.



It was way back in 1940, when Paul started his career in show business. The manager of world famous Sonja Henie discovered Paul while he was a skating mascot for the Cleveland Barons professional hockey league team. After an audition, and a frustrated year's wait, he became a featured performer with ten costume changes at the Rockefeller Center Theatre in New York City. It was there in New York, that Paul met his charming wife Alma, who was later to perform with him.

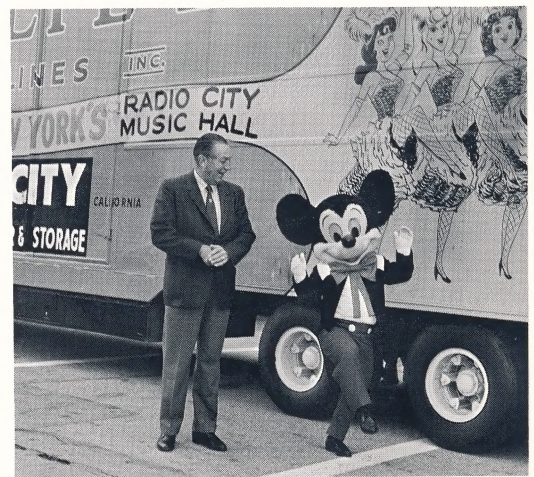
After performing before seven million people during a nine and a half year period, the Sonja Henie Ice Show left New York and went on the road. Paul went along and had his own featured act of jumping over suitcases. This made him the smallest single-featured ice performer in the world.

In June of 1950, Paul left the road show and signed along with his wife to perform for the Ice Capades. And guess what characters they played? They played Walt Disney's characters

of course. Included in their repertoire were Donald Duck, Chip 'n' Dale, Snow White, (Paul as Dopey), and Cinderella, (Paul as Jaq and Alma as Gus-Gus). Paul was also a featured performer jumping over fourteen ten-inch barrels which measured, if you can imagine, four times his height.

Four years later, including a full season playing all across Canada, Paul left the Ice Capades and joined the Holiday on Ice troupe, which toured every capital city in Western Europe. Paul continued his famous jumping act and skated under the show name of "Mighty Mite."

And so we come to 1957, when Paul quit show business to go to work in an airplane factory. But the magnetism of the stage lights was too strong, and within ten short months Paul was back with the Ice Capades. It wasn't until 1960 that he hung up his skates, and brought to an end a fabulous career of twenty years as a featured performer on ice.



Ironically enough, it took the world's largest drum to get the little guy back into the limelight. In the annual Disneyland Christmas Parade of 1961, there appeared for the first time a bass drum measuring 10' - 7" in diameter, and perched on top was Paul Castle in the character of Mickey Mouse.

That parade launched a new beginning for Paul. He became a roving ambassador, not only for Disneyland, but for all of Walt Disney Productions.

One of Paul's most memorable experiences was his role as a sort of Grand Marshal for the "Disneyland U.S.A. Goes To Radio City" journey, which must have been the world's longest and only coast-to-coast parade. The show itself, which played for six weeks during Easter Vacation in 1962, broke all previous records for attendance at the Radio City Theatre.

But for Paul this unique and much publicized jaunt had its own particular brand of romance, because he

was to come back and perform before record breaking audiences just one block away from where he made his show business debut over twenty years before.

Since then, the illustrious career of Paul Castle has expanded to include promotional tours for Walt Disney film releases, the Small World Exhibit opening at the World's Fair, the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, and a myriad of others. But for the most part, Paul's work-a-day world is now pretty much confined to the Magic Kingdom, leading the Disneyland Band down Main Street everyday, and greeting the starry-eyed visitors of all ages, tongues, and sizes.

Paul is quick to admit that he is extremely fortunate to be in show business and yet not have to be on the road. It has enabled him to buy a home in Garden Grove and live a quiet life with his beautiful family. It also allows him considerable time to devote to his many hobbies and activities such as photography, skiing, and golf.

According to Paul, he is now playing the most important role of his life, and when you survey Paul for what he is, what he has done, and for what he believes and stands for, you can fully understand why.

Someday, and in the not too distant future I'm afraid, I'll be walking through a Main Gate turnstile with a grandchild in each hand, and there statuesquely before us will be Mickey Mouse to greet us. And without a moment's hesitation, I will quickly bend down and whisper to the little ones, "Look over there, there's the real Mickey Mouse." "Yes indeed."

EDITOR'S NOTE: My favorite story of Paul, which proves he never thinks of his size, goes something like this: We just finished our last show at the Radio City Music Hall, and Paul, while taking off his makeup, says, "Hey, you know what would be fun, Wally?" "Let's go down to Times Square and rub shoulders with the characters."





Witch Doctor sees the end of 1965 and the New Year approach. This time of the season I think we all reflect back and remember the joy and happiness and maybe a little sadness of the months that have passed by. We remember the friends we have made over the summer, our tenth year activities, grad nites and the special parties.

The Tahitian Terrace is a colorful part of the Magic Kingdom and the employees there are seldom mentioned. JOHNNY GONZALES, BOB NEZU, REGGI BAGUBE and JOE, who puts a lot of (OLIVAS) in his salads, all are cooking with gas. JOYCE who likes to (REED), CAROL "Harlow" BAKER, LESLEY POKOW and TINA MARCOS are the lead hostesses. The Terrace serves many exotic dishes. One guest asked BETTY MANOS if she had frog legs. We all know the girls walk naturally. SALLY HAYNES was asked by a guest if she would put his meal "on the cuff". She replied "sorry sir" and put it in his lap. Other girls in "waiting" are JUDY DOUGLAS, WENDY SMITH, MARIAN GALANIS, CONNIE GERICK, DOROTHY HERNANDEZ, STEPHANI RYAN and CREDDY JONES.

Busy busmen are those two LARRY'S - DURNIL and HARRIGAN along with HIRO YASUDA and HARRIA "Catnaps" KUTSUNAI. There are some good athletes here also, as a matter of fact, these boys are all great "pearl divers". BOB who does the dishes (WRIGHT), DAN WALKER and GARY, who plays football. TERRY HORWITZ is sort of a "Jack of all trades" at the Terrace. He said Gary was a little stiff from football and CONNIE said "where did you say he was from?" Sort of took the (WINDH) out of GARY.

PHIL who serves Tongas at the Tiki Bar, remembers when a little old lady on Senior Citizens Day asked if

this is where you sell the flaming ice cream. Sort of burnt him up and he was (NIXON) questions after that.

On Sunday nights the Enchanted Tiki Room stayed open an hour later as did Main Street, and OLAVINE "Ollie" HAUSEY kept a lonely vigil selling tickets. Ollie has worked every ticket booth in the Park and can remember many amusing incidents. One guest asked her at the Matterhorn booth if you had to leave Fantasyland to get to Adventureland. Then there was the time in Frontierland she was asked if the Mule Ride ran on water. Two ladies approached the Adventureland booth on one occasion and one looked at the other and said "Pay sixty cents? Why the animals aren't even real!" The top- per came at the Penny Arcade when two little boys who had just removed the gorilla out of the plastic machine, asked her if it was made of licorice. She replied "no, it isn't." One looked at the other and said "see I told ya" as he held up one leg of the gorilla.

BOB HANNA took over duties at Mr. Lincoln for a while, and being Honest he was Able to do a good job. FRANK MARTINES liked the Tiki Room and WES came over to (DEMMONS straight) his ability. Lovely BARBARA AMMERMAN got a little sleepy when the air-conditioning went out, but it was good for the orchids as they like a "hothouse". TERRI KAKUDA had to terminate because of studies. We all wish her good luck. PETER all the way from Hong Kong liked to (SEH) the opening spiel and BRIAN kept the birds singing on those long party nites.

Tiki Imports have articles from all over the world. "Important" people who work there are DAN BURNETT, MAUREEN BROWN the Asst. Mgr., and LYDIA BALTAZAR. Vicki is her sister (Tiki Bird).

Guess what their best seller is? That's right - shrunk heads and skulls. They carry everything from carved bookends to winki dolls. Many guests ask if the starfish are real or plastic. They sell the largest salad sets in the Park. After you have served the salad, (they will take care of 200 people), you can use them to rake the garden and shovel the dirt.

Over at the Jungle Cruise, RAY VAN DE WARKER kept the boats cruising through the summer and winter seasons along with THOROLF DEGELMAN. Ray was telling me about a small fry who fell in the river and was pulled out quickly by TOM RAVENSCROFT. Being quite

concerned and standing by were his parents. The little fellow just said, 'see ma, I told ya, there weren't any alligators, but it sure was deep.'

AL had his special BRAND(LE) of spiel and FRANK didn't want to pick a (BONA) with anyone. GARY KIRK put the boats to sleep at night, and RON KELLY came over to "whisper" his spiel. It was old home week at Traders. CHIEF SUA PILEINAI, the dancers at the World's Fair, and AUEFUA of Traders met. You see they were all friends in Samoa. A real happy occasion.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May 1966 bring peace on earth and goodwill toward all mankind.

Witch Doctor must make magic and disappear.



While wandering through Tomorrowland talking with all of the outer space inhabitants, we found many things to chuckle about but we felt a little sad about others.

Let it never be said that Mickey Mouse won't outshine "Telstar!"

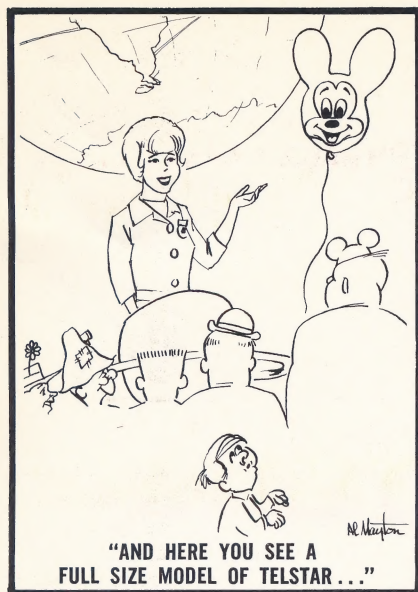
A hostess from the Bell System Exhibit asked the audience to buckle their make believe seat belts and imagine they were 1,000 miles out in space, then she proceeded with her six-minute narration of the many space age wonders.

The guests were entranced with the Bell Communication System and the progress made in less than a century. As the hostess continued to expound on the marvels of "Telstar" in its orbit high above the earth, a junior astronaut launched his own satellite - a bright red balloon with the smiling face of Mickey Mouse.

Monsanto's Hall of Chemistry and the House of Tomorrow have some very exciting news.

Sophia, the secretary at Monsanto, has taken the big step. She was married on October 12.

KEN REED is bubbling over with joy. There is a new addition to his family, a brand new baby girl born on October 6.



Mrs. Lincoln, the statue in the "Fashions and Fabric Exhibit," has something new. She is carrying a diary, acquired from Main Street, called "Great Moments with Mr. Lincoln!"

When President Johnson came out with his executive order which made married men eligible for the draft, Autopia's RON DURLING ended his shift 1 hour and 45 minutes after he started, walked off the ride and got married that night at 10:30 P.M. to beat the 12:00 midnight deadline.

Safety regulations on the Autopia prohibit expectant mothers from riding the cars and the operators are required to ask suspicious women if they are in such a condition. Once an operator said, "Ma'am — are you expecting?" The woman answered quite innocently, "Expecting what?"

Over at JESS RUBIO'S Caricature stand, once in a great while a subject steps up for a sketch who is in reality a walking cartoon, a true pleasure to caricature. During just such a sketch, the wife of the subject stole the show by loudly commenting, "John, even in Walt Disney's wonderful world of make believe . . . you must face your moment of truth!"

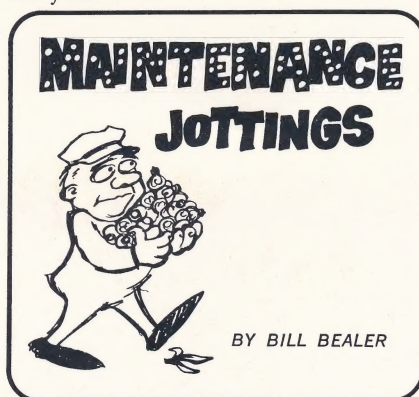
PAUL WATTS, at the Monorail, has a very interesting tale to tell. While taking tickets on the Monorail, Paul found that he had a full platform. At this time a man tried to push his way through the turnstile. After a few repeated attempts to break through, Paul raised his hand and said, "Wait, please," to which the man replied, "one-hundred and seventy-five pounds?"

HOMER L. HOLLAND is now recuperating at 20,000 Leagues Under

the Sea. Almost 2 months ago, he underwent surgery at the West Anaheim Community Hospital.

Homer appreciates all of the cards he received and wishes to thank each and every one of you.

CLAUDE SELITRENNIKOFF, another Disneylander, took the vows of eternal hen pecking! Congratulations, Claude, we are really happy for you.



Ingenuity and cooperation go a long way in making any enterprise successful. This is especially true here at the Park because a one-of-a-kind operation has many one-of-a-kind situations to be faced and solved. This summer the gardeners found that the background shrubbery for the floral Storybookland sign was dying. Replacement is the normal correction for this problem, but not so here. The gardeners and the painters got together and came up with a sneaky solution to keep the appearance of this area up to Disneyland standards. The dying shrubbery was dyed . . . er . . . sprayed green . . . quite a "cover-up" job.

I guess we've lost TED CROWELL for good to Administration. You're welcome back anytime, Ted. SAM BILLINGS was recently promoted to Superintendent in charge of all the restaurant equipment. The new Plaza Inn has some of the latest food handling devices. The dish conveyor there has no less than five elevators — automation rises again. FRANCIS FIELDS is now supervisor of the day crew area 16 machinists. Fran started as a machinist and his "shining example" is blinding everyone. ISADORE "SKI" SCHIMSKY (aren't nicknames wonderful) is swinging in the machine shop now — where's your red sweater these days? Congratulations fellas.

Attention: Anyone interested in learning fancy footwork should contact FLEMON "ROBBIE" ROBBINS at Adventureland around midnight on

Saturday. Expert instruction offered in "dancing-on-the-rocks" and the "Swim." Results guaranteed!!

"Rehab" is the big project in the Maintenance Division during the winter months. Each attraction and ride gets a thorough facelift and checkout as a part of the preventative maintenance program. In some cases this job is not only tedious, but difficult as well.

Take the Sub Ride as an example. Most of the animation in the lagoon and caverns is operated by air pressure, controlled by electric switches coupled with timing devices. Eventually the air rams wear out and must be replaced. Some of this repair work can be done underwater, but usually the animation has to be taken out. Some of these devices are so heavy that divers LEO VAN DRIESSE, RAY PARRISH, and VENANCIO PENANO, and diver tenders JIM WALKER, and HUBERT MORGAN have to float the animation to the surface on inner tubes and then have them lifted out by the "cherry-picker," a type of crane. Keep up the good work, mates.

"Rehab" puts an extra heavy work load on the carpenters. A new mill had to be built to handle all the business. Shucks, there goes 30 more parking spaces. TONY "Have you heard about . . . ?" PADILLA even has a new hat — things are really sparkling underneath it all.

Construction is evident all around the Park. You never know what will be changed or added when you come to work. One week there was a big hole behind Fantasyland, and the next, the Small World Exhibit building was taking shape. New Orleans Square is scheduled for completion June 1, as is Small World. The berm at Harbor Gate disappeared to make way for the new prehistoric diorama.



Anyone miss the University of Disneyland? Maintenance can't claim credit for this maneuver. I understand Snow Bros., an outside contractor, moved them to their new location by Operations — must have been a "snow job."

Best wishes for a Happy Holiday Season.



Merry Christmas, Disneylanders